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Norwich, and

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reſt in the Printing, ſome miſtakes may
found, but as it is believed they only con
in the omitting or miſplacing of a Point
a Letter, (except in one or two inſtance
they will be eaſily noticed, and which t
reader it is hoped will excuſe.

North-Shields,
April 1790.

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THE

HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

In three Fits or Cantos.

By the Rev. Dr PERCY, Lord Biſhop of Dromore,
Editor of the Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland ſtands boldly on a neck of land near the ſea-ſhore, almoſt ſurrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old Latin Hiſtorians, COQUEDA) which runs with a clear rapid ſtream, but when ſwoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Caſtle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is ſtill intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are alſo two adjoining apartments, which probably ſerved for the Sacriſty and Veſtry, or were appropriated to ſome other ſacred uſes: for the former of theſe, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an Altar in it, at which Maſs was occaſionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itſelf.

Each of theſe apartments is extremely ſmall; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than ſeven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully deſigned and executed in the ſolid rock; and has all the decorations of a *complete Gothic Church* or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally diſtinguiſhes the Chapel, is a ſmall Tomb or Monument, on the ſouth ſide of the Altar: on the top of which, lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are uſually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately deſigned, ſome have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the leaſt reſemblance to the manner in which ſhe is repreſented in the Romiſh Churches; who is uſually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a proſtrate or recumbent poſture. Indeed the real image of the bleſſed Virgin probably ſtood in a ſmall nich, ſtill viſible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the uſual place for the Creſt in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different perſonage.

About the tomb are ſeveral other Figures; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the ſame manner as the little Chapel itſelf, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What ſlight traditions are ſcattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is univerſally agreed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once conſiderable poſſeſſions in Northumberland, and were *anciently* Lords of Bothal Caſtle, ſituate about ten miles

miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the ſame BERTRAM, that endowed BRINKBURN Priory, and built BRENKSHAUGH Chapel: which both ſtand in the ſame winding valley, higher up the river.

But BRINKBURN Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, eſpecially of thoſe near the altar, is found rather to reſemble the ſtyle of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the ſculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Creſt which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden† informs us, that armorial Creſts did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

Theſe appearances ſtill extant, ſtrongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the ſame perſon that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the BERTRAM family, who lived at a later period.

* Tanner's Notitia Monaſt. † See his Remains.

*** FIT was the word uſed by the old Min
to ſignify a *Part* or *Diviſion* of their Hiſt
Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this
of compoſitions. *See* Reliques of Ancient
Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397. 2d Ed.

THE

HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the ſtorm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the ſea was heard to daſh
Againſt the diſtant ſhore.

Muſing on man's weak hapleſs ſtate,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in ſore diſmay.

With hoſpitable haſte he roſe,
And wak'd his ſleeping fire;
And ſnatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend ſire.

All ſad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breaſt, and with her tears
Bedewed the moſſy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not ſo;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell ſhall ſhelter thee,
And keep thee ſafe from harm.

It is not for myſelf I weep,
Nor for myſelf I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

And while ſome ſheltering bower he ſought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! ſore I fear his wandering feet
Have ſlipt in yonder flood.

O! truſt in heaven, the Hermit ſaid,
And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I ſhall find thy friend,
And eaſe thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky ſtairs,
He ſcales the cliff ſo high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the ſtranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful ſteps and ſlow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick anſwering from below:

O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to ſee
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath ſome neighbouring tree:

But

But either I have loſt the place,
Or ſhe hath gone aſtray:
And much I fear this fatal ſtream
Hath ſnatch'd her hence away.

Praiſe heaven, my ſon, the Hermit ſaid;
The lady's ſafe and well:
And ſoon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was ſeen, theſe gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear:
The youth he preſs'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! ſeldom had their hoſt, I ween,
Beheld ſo ſweet a pair:
The youth was tall with manly bloom,
She ſlender, ſoft, and fair.

The youth was clad in foreſt green,
With bugle-horn ſo bright:
She in a ſilken robe and ſcarf
Snatch'd up in haſty flight.

Sit down my children, ſays the Sage;
Sweet reſt your limbs require:
Then heaps freſh fewel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he ſaid, my ſimple ſtore,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;
And ſpreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;
The youthful couple ſay:
Then freely ate, and made good chear,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now ſay, my children, (for perchance
My counſel may avail)
What ſtrange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

Firſt tell me, father, ſaid the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here? What lands are theſe?
And to what lord belong?

Alas! my ſon, the Hermit ſaid,
Why do I live to ſay,
The rightful lord of theſe domains
Is baniſh'd far away?

Ten winters now have ſhed their ſnows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (ſo the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Againſt Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And ſtoutly fighting loſt his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One ſon he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to ſave him from his foes
It was his grandſire's care.

In Scotland ſafe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of ſtrife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham loſt his life.

And now the PERCY name, ſo long
Our northern pride and boaſt,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honors reft and loſt.

No chieftain of that noble houſe
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots diſpoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and caſtles, once ſo fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud ſtrangers now uſurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full ſtream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the ſea.

Thoſe towers, alas! now ſtand forlorn,
With noiſome weeds o'erſpread,
Where feaſted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottiſh hills
The PERCY lives unknown:
On ſtranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with theſe aged eyes
But live to ſee him here,
Then ſhould my ſoul depart in bliſs!——
He ſaid, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY ſtill ſo lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bleſs me, father, ſaid the youth,
For I thy gueſt am HE.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aſide
To wipe the tears he ſhed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd bleſſings on his head:

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is ſo wonderous fair.

Now, father, liſten to my tale,
And thou ſhalt know the truth:
And let thy ſage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

W

* ROBERT STUART, duke of Albany. See the cont
ator of FORDUN's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 10. cap. 23, &

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to ſee:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble NEVILLE's houſe *
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap ſo rare,
To pleaſe this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, ſaid the bluſhing maid,
The truth I muſt reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a ſummer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambuſh lay,
Moſs-troopers from the border-ſide,
There ſeiz'd me for their prey.

My

* RALPH NEVILLE, firſt Earl of Weſtmoreland, who *chiefly reſided at his* two Caſtles of BRANCEPETH, and RABY, *both in the* biſhoprick of Durham.

My ſhrieks had all been ſpent in vain,
But heaven, that ſaw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting ſpear,
And dagger in his hand,
He ſprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them ſoon to ſtand.

He fought, till more aſſiſtance came;
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:
Bleſt were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour ſhe deign'd to ſmile,
And liſten to my prayer.

And when ſhe knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother's pride:

Siſter of haughty BOLINGBROKE *
Our houſe's ancient foe,
To me I thought a baniſh'd wight
Could ne'er ſuch favour ſhow.

Deſpai

* JOAN, counteſs of Weſtmoreland, mother of young lady, was daughter of JOHN of GAUNT, and ſiſter of king HENRY IV.

Deſpairing then to gain conſent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were purſu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood:

Then lighting from our weary ſteeds
To ſhun the pelting ſhower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now reſt ye both, the Hermit ſaid;
Awhile your cares foregoe:
Nor, Lady, ſcorn my humble bed;
———We'll paſs the night below.*

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a ſmall building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This conſiſted of one lower Apartment, with a little Bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the ſolid rock, is ſtill very intire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

THE

HERMIT of WARKWOR

A

Northumberland BALLA

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY ſmil'd the bluſhing morn,
And every ſtorm was fled:
But lovelier far, with ſweeter ſmile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her ſight;
The youth conſulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What ſweet ſurprize o'erpower'd her breaſt
Her cheek what bluſhes dyed,
When fondly he beſought her there
To yield to be his bride?

Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond requeſt,
And make my bliſs compleat.

O HENRY, when thou deign'ſt to ſue,
Can I thy ſuit withſtand?
When thou, lov'd youth, haſt won my heart,
Can I refuſe my hand?

For thee I left a father's ſmiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to ſhare.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
Such matchleſs favour ſhow,
To ſhare with me a baniſh'd wight
My peril, pain, or woe.

Now heaven, I truſt, hath joys in ſtore
To crown thy conſtant breaſt:
For, know, fond hope aſſures my heart
That we ſhall ſoon be bleſt.

Not far from hence ſtands Coquet Iſle
Surrounded by the ſea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee:*

'Tis father Bernard, ſo revered
For every worthy deed;
To RABY caſtle he ſhall go,
And for us kindly plead.

* In the little iſland of COQUET, near Warkworth, are ſtill ſeen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend hoſt is gone:
And ſoon, I truſt, his pious hands
Will join us both in one:

Thus they in ſweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they ſee the hoary ſage
Come from the neighbouring iſle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad conſents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then ſtrait to RABY's diſtant walls
He kindly wends his way:
Mean-time in love and dalliance ſweet
They ſpend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their hoſt,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of ſhapely Steps,
All cut with niceſt ſkill,
And piercing thro' a ſtony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden ſtands;
With fruitful trees in ſhady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, ſcoop'd within the ſolid rock,
Three ſacred Vaults he ſhows;
The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns roſe.

Each proper ornament was there,
That ſhould a chapel grace;
The Latice for confeſſion fram'd,
And Holy-water Vaſe.

O'er either door a ſacred Text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little Scutcheon hung
The croſs, and crown, and ſpear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
Two eaſy ſteps aſcend;
And near a glimmering ſolemn light
Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beſide the altar roſe a Tomb
All in the living ſtone;
On which a young and beauteous Maid
In goodly ſculpture ſhone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breaſt;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
And near to theſe her Creſt.*

* This is a Bull's Head, the creſt of the WIDDRINGTON family. All the Figures, &c. here deſcribed are ſtill viſible; *only ſomewhat* effaced with length of time.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they aſk, What hapleſs dame
Lies ſculptured here ſo fair;

The Hermit ſigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For ſorrow ſcarce could ſpeak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek:

Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale,
Which ye ſo fain would know.

THE HERMIT's TALE.

Young lord, thy grandſire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon diſtant hills were his domains;
Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
His friend was at his ſide;
And many a ſkirmiſh with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not ſo fair as ſhe.

Fair

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,
  Yon towers her dwelling place;*
Her ſire an old Northumbrian chief
  Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
  To this fair damſel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
  For him ſhe felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
  Her father ſoon conſents;
None but the beauteous maid herſelf
  His wiſhes now prevents.

But ſhe with ſtudied fond delays
  Defers the bliſsful hour;
And loves to try his conſtancy,
  And prove her maiden power.

That heart, ſhe ſaid, is lightly priz'd,
  Which is too lightly won;
And long ſhall rue that eaſy maid,
  Who yields her love too ſoon.

Lord PERCY made a ſolemn feaſt
  In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
  His chiefs and barons all.

With

* WIDDRINGTON caſtle, is about five miles ſouth of *Warkworth.*

With waſſel, mirth, and revelry
The caſtle rung around:
Lord PERCY call'd for ſong and harp,
And pipes of martial ſound.

The Minſtrels of thy noble houſe,
All clad in robes of blue,
With ſilver creſcents on their arms
Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
They ſung: their high command:
" How valiant MAINFRED o'er the ſeas
" Firſt led his northern band.*

" Brave GALFRED next to Normandy
" With venturous Rollo came;
" And from his Norman caſtles won
" Aſſum'd the PERCY name.†

" They ſung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
" Lord WILLIAM ſhip'd his powers,
" And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
" With all her lands and towers.‡

" Then

* See Dugdale's Baronage, pag. 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of PERCY: whence the family took the ſurname DE PERCY.

‡ WILLIAM DE PERCY, (fifth in Deſcent from GALFRED, or GEFFREY DE PERCY, ſon of MAINFRED,) aſſiſted in the conqueſt of England, and had given him the large poſſeſſions in Yorkſhire, of EMMA DE PORTE, (ſo the

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,
" There bravely fought and dy'd:
" But firſt the ſilver Creſcent wan,
" Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

" They ſung how AGNES, beauteous heir,
" The queen's own brother wed
" Lord JOSCELINE, ſprung from Charlemagne,
" In princely Brabant bred.*

" How he the PERCY name reviv'd,
" And how his noble line
" Still foremoſt in their country's cauſe
" With godlike ardour ſhine."

Wi

the Norman writers name her,) whoſe father, a gre
Saxon lord, had been ſlain fighting along with Harol
This young lady, WILLIAM from a principle of hono
and generoſity, married: for having all her lands beſtow
upon him by the Conqueror, " he (to uſe the words of t
" old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very hei
" to them, in diſcharging of his conſcience." See Ha
MSS. 992. (26.)— He died at Mountjoy near Jeruſalem,
the firſt Cruſade-

* AGNES DE PERCY, ſole heireſs of her houſe, marri
JOSCELINE DE LOVAIN, youngeſt ſon of Godfrey Ba
batus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, ſeco
wife of king Henry I. He took the name of PERCY, a
was anceſtor of the earls of Northumberland. His ſon lo
RICHARD DE PERCY was one of the twenty-ſix baron
choſen to ſee the Magna Charta duly obſerved.

With loud acclaims the liſtening crowd
Applaud the maſters' ſong,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils paſt recall:
When, lo! a damſel young and fair
Step'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteouſly addreſs'd;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath ſent this gift to thee.

Then forth ſhe drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The caſque was wrought of tempered ſteel,
The creſt of burniſh'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady ſends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou haſt prov'd this maiden gift
Where ſharpeſt blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the ſhining helme
And thrice he kiſs'd the ſame:
Truſt me, I'll prove this precious caſque
With deeds of nobleſt fame.

Lord Percy, and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To ſcour the marches, late oppreſt,
And Scottiſh wrongs repay.

The knights aſſembled on the hills
A thouſand horſe and more;
Brave Widdrington, tho' ſunk in years,
The PERCY-ſtandard bore,

Tweed's limpid current ſoon they paſs,
And range the borders round;
Down the green ſlopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns reſound,

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And ruſhes forth to meet his foes;
So did the DOUGLAS riſe.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thouſand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A choſen troop of Scottiſh youths
Advance before the reſt;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend addreſs'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll reſcue thee,
Or periſh by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad aſſent,
And ſpur'd his eager ſteed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Ruſh'd forth with whirlwind ſpeed.

As when a grove of ſapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the oppoſing ranks
Sir Bertram's ſword deſcends.

This way and that he drives the ſteel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he ſlew.

Now cloſing faſt on every ſide
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But dauntleſs he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his ſingle arm
Had well-nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scottiſh ax,
And clove his lifted ſhield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain;
That beauteous helme, his Lady's gift!
——— His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY ſaw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he ſaid,
Let's ſave this gallant knight.

Then ruſhing in, with ſtretch'd out ſhield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As ſome fierce eagle ſpreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they ſtrove to ſeize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could ſtand his furious ſtrokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely ſlain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage ſhow'd;
And all the field was ſtrew'd with dead,
And all with crimſon flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour ſhown,
They ſlowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their ſhields
And weltering in his gore
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
To WARK's fair caſtle bore.

Well haſt thou earn'd my daughter's love;
Her father kindly ſed;
And ſhe herſelf ſhall dreſs thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A meſſage went, no daughter came;
Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
Beſhrew me, ſaid the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my ſon, thou ſhalt her ſee
So ſoon as thou canſt ride;
And ſhe ſhall nurſe thee in her bower,
And ſhe ſhall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
He bleſs'd the ſoothing ſound;
Fond hope ſupplied the Nurſe's care,
And heal'd his ghaſtly wound.

*** WARK caſtle, a fortreſs belonging to the Engliſh, and of great note in antient times, ſtood on the ſouthern bank of the river TWEED, a little to the eaſt of TIVIOTDALE, and not far from Kelſo. It is now entirely deſtroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

THE

HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his ſick-bed roſe,
His bride he would go ſee.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Becauſe his wounds were green.

All day o'er moſs and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower?
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Moſt drear and dark the caſtle ſeem'd,
That wont to ſhine ſo bright;
And long and loud ſir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged Nurſe aroſe
With voice ſo ſhrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls ſo loud,
And knocks ſo boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moſs
To ſee thy Lady fair.

Now out alas! (ſhe loudly ſhriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For ſix long days are gone and paſt
Since ſhe ſet out to thee.

Sad terror ſeiz'd ſir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are paſt and gone,
Since ſhe ſet out to thee;
And ſure if no ſad harm had hap'd
Long ſince thou wouldſt her ſee.

For when ſhe heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've ſlain the comelieſt knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my ſad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myſelf, and nurſe my love,
And ſooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted ſhe her milk-white ſteed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror ſmote ſir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Truſt me, ſaid he, I ne'er will reſt
'Till I thy Lady find.

That night he ſpent in ſorrow and care;
And with ſad boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottiſh hills to range:
Do thou go north, and I'll go weſt;
And all our dreſs we'll change.

Some Scottiſh carle hath ſeized my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread Engliſh ground
Till ſhe is reſtored agen.

The brothers ſtrait their paths divide,
O'er Scottiſh hills to range;
And hide themſelves in queint diſguiſe,
And oft their dreſs they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Moſt like a Palmer poor,
To halls and caſtles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Some

Sometimes a Minſtrel's garb he wears,
With pipes ſo ſweet and ſhrill;
And wends to every tower and town;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he ſate under a thorn
All ſunk in deep deſpair,
An aged Pilgrim paſs'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minſtrels yet that ever I ſaw,
Are full of game and glee:
But thou art ſad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!

Father, I ſerve an aged Lord,
Whoſe grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is ſtol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my ſon; perchance, (he ſaid)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills ſo ſteep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There ſtands a caſtle fair and ſtrong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I aſk'd, what harm had hap'd,
What Lady ſick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

Theſe tidings caught ſir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And ſoon he haſted o'er the hills,
And ſoon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near thoſe lonely towers,
Which ſtood in dale ſo low,
And ſitting down beſide the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minſtrel's ſong?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong;

My Lord, he ſaid, is not at home
To hear a Minſtrel's ſong:
And ſhould I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again ſo ſoft a ſtrain,
Such power ſweet ſounds impart,
He won the churliſh Porter's ear,
And moved his ſtubborn heart.

Minſtrel, he ſaid, thou play'ſt ſo ſweet,
Fair entrance thou ſhould'ſt win;
But, alas, I am ſworn upon the rood
To let no ſtranger in.

Yet, Minſtrel, in yon riſing cliff
Thou'lt find a ſheltering cave;
And here thou ſhalt my ſupper ſhare,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he ſits beſide the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear;
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The firſt night, as he ſilent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The ſecond night the moon ſhone clear,
And gilt the ſpangled dew;
He ſaw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a tranſient view.

The third night wearied out he ſlept
'Till near the morning tide;
When ſtarting up, he ſeiz'd his ſword,
And to the caſtle hy'd.

When, lo! he ſaw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar ſtrong and tall.

And ſoon he ſaw his love deſcend
Wrapt in a Tartan plaid;
Aſſiſted by a ſturdy youth
In highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the ſight,
He lay unſeen and ſtill:
And ſoon he ſaw them croſs the ſtream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can 'ſcape the lover's ken?
Or ſhun his piercing eye?

With ſilent ſtep he follows cloſe
Behind the flying pair,
And ſaw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, ſhe often ſaid;
My thanks thou well haſt won:
For me what wiles haſt thou contriv'd?
For me what dangers run?

And ever ſhall my grateful heart
Thy ſervices repay:——
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, ſtay!

Vile traitor! yield that Lady up!——
And quick his ſword he drew.
The ſtranger turn'd in ſudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's ſtronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the ſtranger low.

Die, traitor, die, !——A deadly thruſt
Attends each furious word.
Ah ! then fair Iſabel knew his voice,
And ruſh'd beneath his ſword.

O ſtop, ſhe cried, O ſtop thy arm !
Thou doſt thy brother ſlay ! ——
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept:
His tongue no more could ſay.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How ſhall I tell the reſt ?——
Ere I could ſtop my piercing ſword,
It fell, and ſtab'd her breaſt.

Wert thou thyſelf that hapleſs youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate ! they ſaid.
The Hermit wept, and ſo did they:
They ſigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow ?
The Hermit paus'd; they ſilent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And ſaw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curſt my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I claſp'd her to my breaſt,
And clos'd the ghaſtly wound:
In vain I preſs'd his bleeding corpſe,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas! ſpake never more;
His precious life was flown.
She kindly ſtrove to ſooth my pain,
Regardleſs of her own.

Bertram, ſhe ſaid, be comforted,
And live to think on me:
My we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

Bertram, ſhe ſaid, I ſtill was true;
Thou only hadſt my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliſs!
We now, alas! muſt part.

For thee, I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottiſh chief.

Lord Malcolm's ſon, whoſe proffered love,
I had refus'd with ſcorn;
He ſlew my guards and ſeiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn:

And in theſe dreary hated walls
He kept me cloſe confin'd;
And fondly ſued and warmly preſs'd
To win me to his mind.

Each riſing morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave deſign
To ſet me captive free;
And on the moor his horſes wait
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haſte, my love, eſcape away,
And for thyſelf provide;
And ſometimes fondly think on her,
Who ſhould have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my ſoul
Even with her lateſt breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in ſpeechleſs woe,
Devoid of ſenſe I lay:
Then ſudden all in frantic mood
I meant myſelf to ſlay:

And riſing up in furious haſte
I ſeiz'd the bloody brand:*
A ſturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the caſtle came,
Had miſs'd their lovely ward;
And ſeizing me to priſon bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was priſoner ta'en:
Lord PERCY had us ſoon exchang'd,
And ſtrove to ſoothe my pain.

* i. e. Sword.

And ſoon thoſe honoured dear remains
To England were convey'd;
And there within their ſilent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
Till time, and books, and holy men
Had better counſels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure ſource,
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to deſpiſe the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the ſlave of human pride,
Vain hope, and ſordid care;
I meekly vowed to ſpend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble BENEDICT,
Now lowly, patient, mild:

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And ſacred altars raiſe;
And here a lonely Anchorete
I came to end my days.

This ſweet ſequeſtered vale I choſe,
Theſe rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beſide that murmuring ſtream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble Friend approv'd my choice;
This bleſt retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And ſcoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this ſculptured ſaint
I drop the penſive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and ſo true,
The ſad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my boſom rue!

Yet not unpitied paſs'd my life,
Forſaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble Sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of ſtate,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly ſeek my little cell
To ſpend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike Sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, ſhalt now reſtore;
And raiſe again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choiceſt bleſſings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what preſent courſe to take
They aſk the good old ſire:
And guided by his ſage advice
To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their ſuit ſuch favour found
At RABY's ſtately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely Spouſe
Now gladly pardon all.

She ſuppliant at her * Nephew's throne
The royal grace implor'd:
To all the honours of his race
The PERCY was reſtor'd.

The youthful Earl ſtill more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame:
NINE noble SONS to him ſhe bore,
All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

*** The account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the ſon of HOTSPUR, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle formerly belonging to Whitby Abbey.

" HENRY PERCY, the ſon of Sir HENRY PERCY, " ſlayne at Shreweſbury, and of ELIZABETH, the " daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death " of his Father and Grauntſyre, was exiled into " Scotland * in the time of king Henry the Fourth: " but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the " labour of JOHANNE the countes of Weſtmerland, " (whoſe daughter ALLANOR he *had wedded in* " *coming into England,*) he recovered the king's " grace, and the countye of Northumberland, ſo " was the *ſecond Erle* of Northumberland.

" And of this Allanor his wife, he begate IX " Sonnes, and III Daughters, whoſe names be " JOHANNE, that is burried at Whytbye: THOMAS, " lord Egremont: KATHARYNE GRAY of Rythyn: " Sir RAFFE PERCY: WILLIAM PERCY, a Biſhopp: " RICHARD PERCY: JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT " ISSUE: (another JOHN, called by Vincent † 'Jo- " hannes Percy ſenior de Warkworth':) GEORGE " PERCY, Clerk: HENRY that dyed WITHOUT " ISSUE: ANNE ——" (beſides the eldeſt ſon and ſucceſſor here omitted, becauſe he comes in below, viz.)

" HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTH- " UMBERLAND."

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the Britiſh Muſeum.

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici quarti.* Lat. MS. penes Duc. North.

† *See his Great* Baronag. No. 20. in the Heralds office.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inſcribed was that Latin verſe of the Pſalmiſt,* which is in our Tranſlation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is alſo certain, that the memory of the firſt Hermit was held in ſuch regard and veneration by the PERCY Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Prieſt, to reſide in the Hermitage, and celebrate Maſs in the Chapel: whoſe allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Diſſolution of the Monaſteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the firſt Hermit; but the following Inſtrument will ſhew the liberal Exhibition afforded to his Succeſſors. It is the Patent granted to the laſt Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIths time. †

* *Pſal. xlii. 3.*

† Claſſed, F. I. No. 1. PERCY Doc. *Northumb.*

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

" HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c. KNOWE " youe that I the ſaid Erle, in conſideration of the " diligent and thankfull ſervice, that my wellbe- " loved Chaplen ſir GEORGE LANCASTRE hath don " unto me the ſaid Erle, and alſo for the goode " and vertus diſpoſition that I do perceive in him: " And for that he ſhall have in his daily recom- " mendation and praiers the good eſtate of all ſuche " noble Blode and other Perſonages, as be now " levynge; And the Soules of ſuch noble Blode " as be departed to the mercy of God owte of this " preſent lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and " wrettyn in a Table upon perchment ſigned with " thande of me the ſaid Erle, and delivered to the " cuſtodie and keapynge of the ſaid ſir George " Lancaſter: And further, that he ſhall kepe and " ſaye his devyn ſervice in celebratyng and doynge " Maſſe of *Requiem* every weke accordinge as it is " written and ſet furth in the ſaide Table: HAVE " geven and graunted, and by theſe preſents do " gyve and graunte unto the ſaid ſir George, myn " ARMYTAGE belded in a Rock of ſtone within " my Parke of WARKWORTH in the Countie of " Northumbreland in the honour of the bleſſed " Trynete, With a yerly Stipende of twenty Merks " by yer,* from the feeſt of ſeint Michell thar- " *chaungell* laſt paſt afore the date herof yerly " duryng

This would be equal to £.100 per annum now. See Chronicon Preciosum.

" duryng the naturàll lyve of the ſaid ſir George:
" And alſo I the ſaid Erle have geven and graunted,
" and by theſe Preſents do gyve and graunte unto
" the ſaid ſir George Lancaſter, the occupation of
" one litle Greſground of myn called Cony-garth
" nygh adjoynynge the ſaid Harmytage, only to
" his only uſe and prouſit wynter and ſumer du-
" rynge the ſaid terme; The Garden and Orte-
" yarde belongyng the ſaid Armytage; The Gate*
" and Paſture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with
" their Calves ſuking; And two Horſes goying
" and beyng within my ſaid Parke of Warkworth
" wynter and ſomer; One Draught of Fiſhe every
" Sondaie in the yere to be drawen fornenſt† the
" ſaid Armytage, called The Trynete Draught;
" And Twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken of
" my Wodds called Shilbotell Wode, duryng the
" ſaid term. The ſaid Stipend of xx Merks by
" yer to be taken and perceived‡ yerly of the rent
" and ferme of my Fiſhyng of Warkworth, by
" thands of the Fermour or Fermours of the ſame
" for the tyme beynge yerly at the times ther uſed
" and accuſtomed by evyn
" Portions. In wytnes Allowe in recompenſe
" whereof to thes my Let- herof yerly xli §
" ters Patentes I the ſaid Richerd Ryche.
" Erle have ſet the Seale
" of myn Armes: Yeven undre my Signet at my
Caſtell

* *i. e. Going:* from the verb, To Gae. † Or fore-anenſt: *i. e. oppoſite.* ‡ Sic. MS. § So the MS. The above *Richard Rych* was Chancellor of the Augmentations at the *Suppreſſion of the* Monaſteries.

" Caſtell of Warkworth, the third daye of Decem-
" ber, in the xxiiiith Yer of the Reigne of our
" Sovereyn Lorde kyng Henry the eight."

On the Diſſolution of the Monaſteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the ſame was allowed by the Chancellor and Councel of the ſaid Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaſter; Excepting that in compenſation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel, and the Hoſpital of St Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the peruſal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needleſs to caution the Reader againſt a Miſtake, ſome have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itſelf, by Nicholas de Farnham, biſhop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeſton for the maintenance there of TWO Benedictine Monks from Durham.* That ſmall monaſtic foundation is indeed called a CELL by biſhop Tanner:† but he muſt be very ignorant, who ſuppoſes that by the word CELL is neceſſarily to be underſtood

* *Ang. Sacr.* p. 738. † Not. Mon. p. 396.

ſtood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any ſmall conventual eſtabliſhment, which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of biſhop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in ſeveral old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its ſcite, not far from Warkworth Church, is ſtill remembered. But that there was never more than ONE Prieſt maintained, at one and the ſame time, within the HERMITAGE, is plainly proved (if any further proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567.* viz.

" Ther is in the Parke (ſc. of Warkworth) alſo " one Howſe hewyn within one Cragge, which is " called the HERMITAGE CHAPEL: In the ſame " ther haith bene ONE PRIEST keaped, which did " ſuch godlye Services as that tyme was uſed and " celebrated. The Mantion Houſe (ſc. the ſmall " building adjoining to the Cragg) ys nowe in " decaye: the Cloſes that apperteined to the ſaid " Chantrie is occupied to his Lordſhip's uſe."

* By Geo. Clarkſon, MS. penes Duc. North.

VERSES *ſent to his* LADY *by the Rev.* Mr Bi

I. WITH THE PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A Knife, dear girl, cuts love they ſay;
Mere modiſh love perhaps it may:
For any tool of any kind
Can ſeparate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Muſt your ſoftneſs, worth and ſpirit
Down to the vulgar ſize of merit;
To level yours, with modern taſte,
Muſt cut a world of ſenſe to waſte;
And from your ſingle beauty's ſtore
Clip what would dizen out a ſcore.
The ſelf ſame blade from me muſt ſever
Senſation, judgement, ſight, forever;
All memory of endearments paſt,
All hope of comforts long to laſt;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A ſummer, and a ſhort one too;
All that affection feels or fears,
When hours without you, ſeem like years.
Till that be done,—and I'd as ſoon
Believe this knife will chip the moon,
Accept this preſent, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a knife,—delicious treat:
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love fond of ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting we'll diſdain,
Save only——cut and come again.

II. With a Ring.

(Never Publiſhed before.)

'THEE, Mary, with this Ring I wed,'
So ſixteen years ago I ſaid.—
Behold another Ring! for what?
To wed thee o'er again! Why not?
With that firſt Ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taſte long admired, ſenſe long rever'd
And all my Molly, that appear'd.

If ſhe by merit ſince diſclos'd
Prove twice the woman I ſuppos'd,
I plead that doubled merit now
To juſtify a double vow.

Here then to day,—with faith as ſure,
With ardor as intenſe, and pure,
As when amidſt the rites divine,
I took thy troth and plighted mine.
To thee ſweet girl, my ſecond Ring,
A token and a pledge I bring.

With this I wed, till death us part;
Thy riper virtues to my heart,
Thoſe virtues which before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Thoſe virtues, whoſe progreſſive claim,
Endearing wedlocks very name,
My ſoul enjoys, my ſong approves,
For conſcience ſake, as well as love's.
For why? They ſhow me hour by hour,
Honour's high thought, affection's pow'r
Diſcretion's deed, ſound judgement's ſentence
And teach me all things,—but repentance.

III. With a Pocket Looking Glass.

(Never Publiſhed before.)

TO thee dear wife,—and all muſt grant
A wife no common confidante,
I dare my ſecret ſoul reveal,
And utter every thing I feel.
This verſe for inſtance, I deſign
To mark a female friend of mine,
Whom long, with warm affection's glee,
I've ſeen, and could forever ſee.
But hear me firſt deſcribe the dame,
Then,—if your heart will let you,—blame,
I've ſeen her charm at forty, more
Than half her ſex at twenty four.

Seen her with equal pow'r and eaſe,
Draw right to rule from will to pleaſe,
Seen in her modeſt manner join'd
The juſt, the graceful, and the kind,
Seen her ſo frankly give, and ſpare
At once with ſo diſcreet a care,
As if her ſenſe, and hers alone
Could limit bounty like her own,
Seen her, in ſimple nature's guiſe
Above arts, airs, and faſhions riſe,
And when her peers ſhe had ſurpaſt,
Improve upon herſelf at laſt,
Seen her in ſuch extent of merit,
In form, taſte, judgement, temper, ſpirit
So perfect, that till heaven remove her,
I muſt admire her, court her, love her.
Molly, I ſpeak the thing I mean,
So rare a woman have I ſeen!
And ſend this honeſt glaſs, that you
Whene'er you pleaſe, may ſee her too.

IV. With an Orange Bergamot Snuff Box.

(Never Publiſhed before.)

Dear Mary. *Jan.* 1, 1780.

AN huſband, as in duty bound,
Preſents what an admirer found.
Pray ſtart not when you lift the lid:
The portrait's in the ſnuff-box hid.

Aye Mary—and myſelf alone
Can boaſt th' original his own.
By nature's early cunning wrought,
That box no ſecond poliſh ſought;
Such in this form as on the bough,
Plain orange then, plain orange now.
Strong outline of a certain dame,
Whoſe taſte from native judgement came;
To whom mere genius gives a ſtile
Which faſhion ne'er could mend, or ſpoil.
Your boxes, of more modern make,
From various ſources value take,
An artiſt's name and hum'riſt's whim,
The curious hinge, the coſtly rim;
But all in this agree, they bear
No perfume, till you place it there.
While modeſt orange here augments
From its own ſtore the richeſt ſcents,
A miniature exact and true
Of—why not ſpeak at once?—of you!
Whoſe manner in each part you fill,
Makes pleaſure's ſelf more pleaſing ſtill!
This orange, in ſome former hour,
Had like moſt oranges, its ſour;
But ſoon that acid fount was drain'd
And endleſs fragrancy remain'd.
So in the wonder I admire,
If pregnant ſenſe, perchance inſpire
A little jeſt a little tart,
'Tis from the fancy, not the heart:

Fancy, whoſe four a moment quells,
A heart, where ſweetneſs ever dwells,
And is not then the picture like?
And does not every feature ſtrike?
Yes,—and the world would own it too,
If what I've ſeen the world could view;
I, who, with this poor gift, and lay,
Salute the eighteenth wedding day;
And, cent'ring in one friend and guide
My joys exceſs, my reaſon's pride,
Would for increaſing love engage;
Were every year to come, an age.

V. With a Collar, and Pearl Buckle.

(Never Publiſhed before.)

Jan. 1, 1781.

THE day was ſpent, the year was clos'd,
Beſide his forge tir'd labour doz'd.
A golden buckle meant to deck,
At morn's return, my Mary's neck—
Tribute mere juſtice long'd to pay—
Half finiſh'd on his anvil lay.
Benighted—how it matters not,—
Love, truth, and time approach'd the ſpot;
They ſaw th' imperfect frame, they knew
Where, and from whom, and when 'twas due.
* What pity? things ſhould thus ſtand ſtill,
* *Till yon dull drudge hath ſlept his fill!*

* Suppoſe;

'Suppoſe,' the three companions cried,
'Ourſelves our joint exertions tried.'
The project pleas'd; ſo ſaid, ſo done;
And each his ſeveral taſk begun.
For bloom, that heavens own painting ſhow
For features, where high feeling glows,
For looks, that more than language ſpeak,
For ſweetneſs, dimpling humour's cheek,
For dignity by neatneſs dreſt,
Where ſtill whatever is, is beſt;
For pow'rs that call the captive eye
From all nymphs elſe, when ſhe is by;
Yet makes us, when ſhe is not near,
Ev'n for her ſake the ſex revere;
For ſoftneſs, and for ſtrength of mind,
Senſe ripe, though rapid, keen, tho' kind;
For lib'ral purpoſe, and prompt ſkill
That lib'ral purpoſe to fulfil;
For friendly zeal's aſpiring blaze;
For gen'rous joy in honeſt praiſe;
For ſympathy, that would poſtpone
No human ſorrows, but her own;
For all that can exalt, through life,
The woman, or endear the wife;
Love, whoſe quickſight no facts evade,
A ſep'rate pearl in order laid.
Truth, pearl by pearl exactly told,
Arrang'd them on the circling gold,
Announc'd their weight from firſt to laſt,
And ſet them cloſe, and clinch'd them faſt.

Time o'er the whole a poliſh threw,
Which brighter ſtill and brighter grew.
The work ſoon wrought with equal haſte,
The workmen on this collar plac'd;
Then bade the fondeſt huſband bear
The preſent to the worthieſt fair,
Bade him ſalute in cordial lay
Her natal, and her bridal day;
And his own ſuffrage to approve,
Appeal to time, and truth, and love.

On Reading the SORROWS *of* WERTER,
(By an elderly LADY.*)*

THY ſelf-wrought ſorrows, Werter, while I view
Why falls not o'er the Page ſoft pity's dew?
Is there no tear for thy unhappy lot?
Is tenderneſs no more——and love forgot?
Chill'd is my breaſt by fifty winters Snow?
And dead the touch of ſympathetick woe?
No!——o'er this boſom fifty winters old
Love, wedded Love ſtill points his ſhafts of gold,
Still waves his purple wings and o'er my urn
With brighteſt rays his conſtant lamp ſhall burn;
Not ſuch thy torch of Love—in angry mood
By Furies lighted, and put out in Blood,
From the black deed affrighted Pity flew,
And Honor ſtopt the tear compaſſion drew.
While *from thy* gloomy Page I learn to know
That virtuous tears alone, for virtuous ſorrows flow.

TH

The INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendiſh, 'tis ſtrange the charm, that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

In vain I ſought the wond'rous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then, deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till, on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his god, the ſun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

He ſang "th' eternal rolling flame,
"That vital maſs, that, ſtill the ſame,
"*Does* all our minds compoſe:

" But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames;
" Thence diff'ring ſouls, of diff'ring names,
" And jarring tempeſts roſe.
" The mighty Power, that form'd the mind,
" One mould for every two deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd the new-born pair:
" This be a match for this:" (he ſaid:)
" Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
" To ſeek them bodies here:
" But, parting from their warm abode,
" They loſt their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah! cruel chance and croſſing fates!
" Our eaſtern ſouls have dropp'd their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.
" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whoſe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt joy of life:
" But, oh! the crowds of wretched ſouls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal ſtrife!"
Thus ſang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
" Sure, then, (I cry'd) might I but ſee
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.
" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What diſtant lands this unknown fair,
" Or diſtant ſeas detain?

" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle ſouls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

The LAWYER'S PRAYER.——*A Fragment.*

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are found;
Mine, be the conſcience void of blame;
The upright heart; the ſpotleſs name;
The tribute of the widow's prayer;
The righted orphan's grateful tear!
To virtue, and her friends, a friend;
Still may my voice the weak defend!
Ne'er may my proſtituted tongue
Protect th' oppreſſor in his wrong;
Nor wreſt the ſpirit of the laws,
To ſanctify the villain's cauſe!
Let others, with unſparing hand,
Scatter their poiſon through the land;
Enflame diſſention, kindle ſtrife;
And ſtrew with ills the path of life;
On ſuch, her gifts let fortune ſhower
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power:
On me, may favouring heaven beſtow,
That peace, which good men only know.
The joy of joys, by few poſſeſs'd,
The eternal ſunſhine of the breaſt!
Power, fame, and riches, I reſign—
The praiſe of honeſty be mine;
That friends may weep, the worthy ſigh;
And poor men bleſs me when I die!

ORD

ORDER:——*A Poem.*

UNHAPPY man, thro' life's ſucceſſive years,
From youth to age, ſay how thy reaſon errs;
Still prone to weep thy miſeries below,
Regardleſs of the ſource from whence they flow;
On Nature charging, and her perfect laws,
Thoſe ills thy follies, or thy vices cauſe.

But know thou this, Nature, to all a friend,
Directs each being to its proper end;
To happineſs points out the certain road—
To follow Nature, as to follow God.

Ere Time had birth, or the ſun's radiant light
Diſſolv'd the reign of Chaos and old Night,
Nature unform'd, in rude diſorder lay,
And held in anarchy a lawleſs ſway.

But God commands—all civil diſcords ceaſe,
And warring elements unite in peace;
Syſtems in Order ſtrait begin to roll,
And friendly parts compoſe one beauteous whole.

To Nature thus th' Eternal Mover ſaid,
" 'Thro' all my works be Order's laws obey'd;
" Order decreed the certain path to bliſs,
" None e'er ſhall err, who ſtrictly move by this."

Look then around, the univerſe ſurvey,
And follow Nature, as ſhe leads the way;
To yonder ample arch direct thine eye,
And view the perfect Order of the ſky.

Fix'd in his orb, ſee with refulgent ray,
The conſtant ſun lights up the genial day;
While ſhining worlds melodiouſly advance,
And form around the planetary dance.

See the pale moon adorn'd with borrow'd ligl
More faintly gilds the duſky ſhades of night;
In bright array, ſhe leads her ſtarry train,
Obeys the earth, and guides the ſwelling main.

Her ſtarry train, by the ſame rule confin'd,
Obſequious wait, nor leave the queen behind;
But all in perfect harmony conſpire,
To move as Order and its laws require.

To earth deſcend—ſee mountains, woods, and vale
The murm'ring waters, and the whiſp'ring gales
Whatever wings the lovely realms of Day,
Lives on the land, or ſwims along the ſea:
In Order all purſue the ends deſign'd,
Proportion'd to their ſtation, and their kind.

Rains feed the earth; nor does the earth den
To ſend 'em back in vapours to the ſky;
Seas fill the ſprings—the ſprings again repay
Their grateful tribute to the flowing ſea.

Night follows day—ſeaſons the year divide,
'Twixt Winter's nakedneſs, and Summer's pride
And flow'rs and fruits, (the ſummer's rich ſuppl
Riſe, bloom, and flouriſh,—ſicken, fade, and die

Without controul, unerring Inſtinct reigns,
And ſee, each brute the gen'ral law maintains;
Unchan

Unchanging verges to the deſtin'd goal,
True as the needle trembles to the pole.

But Man, the ſport of ev'ry paſſion made,
By all careſs'd, and yet by all betray'd;
From Order's flow'ry path perverſely ſtrays,
And wanders on in Error's crooked maze;
And, ſpite of Nature, and in Reaſon's ſpight,
Purſues wrong meaſures, and neglects the right.

But mark how, riſing from this fatal ſource,
Vice pours along, reſiſtleſs in its courſe;
And, like ſome raging flood, without controul,
Heaps woes on woes, and deluges the ſoul.

Hence Love and Hate, in wild diſorder join'd,
Diſturb his reaſon, and diſtract his mind;
Deluſive Hope, and more deluſive Fear,
Now raiſe him up, now ſink him in deſpair.

Hence Anger burns, and pale Dejection chills,
Envy torments, and pining Sorrow kills;
And every paſſion in its turn deſtroys
Some preſent bliſs, or leſſens future joys.

From hence Exceſs, parent of Sloth and Eaſe,
Calls forth the lurking ſeeds of each diſeaſe;
And Death, grim tyrant! haſtens on his pace,
To ſhorten half the date of human race.

Hence injur'd Innocence oppreſſion feels,
And Perſecution threatens whips and wheels;
And *Juſtice mourns*, depreſs'd by perjur'd tools,
A prey to Malice, and a ſcorn to Fools.

Hence

Hence War with thouſands heaps the ſanguin
plain,
nd Liberty deplores a Tyrant's reign ;
n guilty ſtate thus conqu'ring Cæſar rode,
nd drench'd Pharſalia's field with Roman blood
Thus Philip's ſon ran mad with martial pride,
And Nero, once a ſaint, turn'd parricide.

A ſavage life our ruſtic fathers led,
Acorns their food, and mother Earth their bed ;
Rough in their habit, in their manners rude,
A lawleſs, cruel, and ignoble crowd.

But Order roſe, the beauteous child of Jove,
Parent of Pleaſure, Harmony, and Love ;
Smiling ſhe roſe, and Diſcord took it's flight,
The ſavages grew mild, the rude polite ;
Thus ſpectres vaniſh at th' approach of light.

Then Peace triumphant wav'd her olive wand
And chearful Plenty crown'd each happy land ;
Then laws were made to curb unruly Might,
And Juſtice held th' impartial ſcales of Right.

The nuptial torch then firſt began to flame,
And blended Int'reſt pointed at one aim ;
Hence ſprung the tender ſocial ties of life,
Friend, Father, Brother, Huſband, Child, and W
Then towns were built, and mutual leagues we
made,
And ſtates were form'd by Order's pow'rful a
And man forſook the cave, and ſylvan ſhade.

Thus poets tell, by Orpheus' lays inſpir'd,
Tygers grew mild, and ſilently admir'd;
Thus walls and tow'rs around Amphion throng,
And ſtately Thebes was built by magic ſong.

Then patriots roſe, who tyranny withſtood,
And greatly ſuffer'd, for their country's good;
Here Codrus dies, friend to th' Athenian ſtate,
And brave Timoleon ſeals his brother's fate:
There Regulus to ſure deſtruction runs,
And Brutus bleeds for Rome, in both his ſons.

Then arts were known, and ſciences began
To poliſh and refine the ways of man;
Here bluſhing grapes the ſpreading vines adorn,
And fertile fields turn white with waving corn;
In verdant paſtures there the cattle ſtray,
While jovial ſhepherds chaunt the rural lay.

Here Navigation ſpreads her ſwelling ſails,
Rides on the waves, and courts the proſp'rous gales;
And Commerce round the globe begins to roll,
And wafts the wealth of India to the Pole.

Then Sculpture firſt in due proportion ſhone;
And beauty ſeem'd to breathe in living ſtone;
Then mimic Paint deceiv'd the wond'ring eye,
And each bold figure ſeem'd a ſtander-bye.

Then Architecture heav'd ſome lofty dome,
The pride of Athens, Babylon, or Rome.

Thus Order firſt the ſavage world refin'd,
Reform'd their manners, and improv'd their mind.

Sa-

Hence War with thouſands heaps the ſanguine plain,
And Liberty deplores a Tyrant's reign;
In guilty ſtate thus conqu'ring Cæſar rode,
And drench'd Pharſalia's field with Roman blood;
Thus Philip's ſon ran mad with martial pride,
And Nero, once a ſaint, turn'd parricide.

A ſavage life our ruſtic fathers led,
Acorns their food, and mother Earth their bed;
Rough in their habit, in their manners rude,
A lawleſs, cruel, and ignoble crowd.

But Order roſe, the beauteous child of Jove,
Parent of Pleaſure, Harmony, and Love;
Smiling ſhe roſe, and Diſcord took it's flight,
The ſavages grew mild, the rude polite;
Thus ſpectres vaniſh at th' approach of light.

Then Peace triumphant wav'd her olive wand,
And chearful Plenty crown'd each happy land;
Then laws were made to curb unruly Might,
And Juſtice held th' impartial ſcales of Right.

The nuptial torch then firſt began to flame,
And blended Int'reſt pointed at one aim;
Hence ſprung the tender ſocial ties of life,
Friend, Father, Brother, Huſband, Child, and Wife.
Then towns were built, and mutual leagues were made,
And ſtates were form'd by Order's pow'rful aid,
And man forſook the cave, and ſylvan ſhade.

Thus

as poets tell, by Orpheus' lays inſpir'd,
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walls and tow'rs around Amphion throng,
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Say then, weak man, is happineſs thy ca
Be timely wiſe, nor truſt thyſelf too far;
Reſtrain thy paſſions, call thy reaſon in,
And quell the fierce exulting foe within;
To Order's ſtandard be thy acts confin'd,
Let Order rule the ſallies of thy mind:
With ſtricteſt care thy leſſer world comma
As moves the greater by the Almighty's h
As ſhifts no ſtar but by his ſov'reign ſway,
So follow thou, as Order points the way;
From this foundation ſure to climb to bliſs
None e'er ſhall err, who ſtrictly move by t

An ADRESS *to the* GOUT, *on its firſ*
by a young Country Patient.

WELCOME!——thou friendly ear
fourſcore;
Promiſe of wealth—that haſt alone the po
T'attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou, that doſt Eſculapius deride,
And o'er his gallipots in triumph ride;
Thou, that art us'd t'attend the Royal thr
And underprop the head that bears the cr
Thou, that doſt oft in Privy-Council wait,
And guard from drowſy ſleep the eyes of
Thou that upon the Bench art mounted hi
And warn'ſt the Judges not to tread awry
Thou that doſt oft from pamper'd Prelate'
Emphatically urge the pains below;

Thou, that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'ſt to ſolemn doodles ſolemn pace;
Thou, that art us'd to ſit on ladies knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
Thou, that art ne'er from velvet ſlippers free;
Whence comes this unſought honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty condeſcenſion flow,
To viſit my poor tabernacle?—Oh!

As Jove vouchſaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis ſaid,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
Pleas'd with the ſpare but hoſpitable feaſt,
Jove bad him aſk, and granted his requeſt:
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus, by the God of Wine)
My humble ſuit—and either give me ſtore
To entertain thee, or ne'er ſee me more!

APOSTROPHE TO GOOD NATURE.

O! gentleſt bleſſing man can find!
Sweet ſoother of the ruffled mind!
As the ſoft powers of oil aſſwage
Of Ocean's waves the furious rage;
Lull to repoſe the boiling tide,
Whoſe billows, charm'd to reſt, ſubſide;
Smooth the vext boſom of the deep,
'Till every trembling motion ſleep!—
Thy ſoft enchantments thus controul
The tumult of the troubled ſoul!

labour worn, by care oppreſt,
n THEE the weary mind ſhall reſt;
:om buſineſs, and diſtraction free,
elighted, ſhall return to THEE:
'o THEE the aching heart ſhall cling,
And find the peace it does not bring.

Ye candidates for Earth's beſt prize,
Domeſtic Life's ſweet charities!
Oh! if your erring eye once ſtrays
From ſmooth Good-nature's level ways;
If e'er, in evil hour betray'd,
You chuſe ſome vain, fantaſtic maid,
On ſuch for bliſs if you depend,
Without the means you ſeek the end;
A pyramid you ſtrive to place.
The point inverted for the baſe;
You hope, in ſpite of Reaſon's laws,
A conſequence without a cauſe.

And you, bright nymphs, who bleſs our ey
With all that ſkill, that Taſte ſupplies;
Learn, that accompliſhments at beſt,
Serve but for garniſh in Life's feaſt;
Yet ſtill with theſe the poliſh'd wife
Shou'd deck the feaſt of human life;
Wit a poor Standing Diſh wou'd prove,
Tho' 'tis an excellent Remove;
Howe'er your tranſient gueſts may praiſe
Your gay parade on gala days,
Yet know, your huſband ſtill will wiſh,
Good-nature for his Standing Diſh.

Still, in Life's *Faſti*, you preſume
Eternal holidays will come;
But, in its higheſt, happieſt lot,
O! let it never be forgot,
Life is not an Olympic game,
Where ſports and plays muſt gain the fame;
Each month is not the month of May,
Nor is each day a holiday.
Tho' wit may gild Life's atmoſphere,
When all is lucid, calm, and clear,
In bleak Affliction's dreary hour,
The brighteſt flaſh muſt loſe its power;
While Temper, in the darkeſt ſkies,
A kindly light and warmth ſupplies.

Divine GOOD-NATURE! 'tis decreed,
The happieſt ſtill thy charm ſhou'd need.
Sweet Architect! rais'd by thy hands:
Fair Concord's Temple firmly ſtands:
Tho' Senſe, tho' Prudence rear the pile,
Tho each approving Virtue ſmile,
Some ſudden guſt, nor rare the caſe,
May ſhake the building to its baſe,
Unleſs, to guard againſt ſurpriſes,
On thy firm arch the ſtructure riſes.

ODE——To DEATH.

THOU, whoſe remorſeleſs rage
Nor vows nor tears aſſuage,
TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raiſe
The burſting notes of dauntleſs praiſe!
Methinks on yonder murky cloud
Thou ſit'ſt, in majeſty ſevere;
Thy regal robe a ghaſtly ſhroud!
Thy right arm lifts the inſatiate ſpear!
Such was thy glance, when, erſt as o'er the plain
Where Indus rolls his burning ſand,
Young Ammon led the victor train,
In glowing luſt of fierce command:
As, vain he cried with thundering voice,
"*The World is mine! Rejoice, rejoice!* [nod,
"*The World I've won!*—THOU gav'ſt the withering
Thy FIAT ſmote his heart,—he ſunk,—a ſenſeleſs clod!
"*And art thou great?*——Mankind replies,
With ſad aſſent of mingling ſighs!
Sighs that ſwell the biting gales
Which ſweep o'er Lapland's frozen vales!
And the red Tropics' whirlwind heat
Is with the ſad aſſent replete!
How fierce yon tyrant's plumy creſt!
A blaze of gold illumes his breaſt;
In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
He madly dares to ſpurn at Fate!
But—when Night with ſhadowy robe
Hangs upon the darken'd globe,

In his chamber,—ſad,—alone,
By ſtarts, he pours the fearful groan!
From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee,
And mutters forth a pray'r—*becauſe* HE THINKS OF THEE.
Gayly ſmiles the *Nuptial Bow'r*,
Bedĕck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;
While the ſpouſal pair advance,
Mixing oft the melting gazĕ,
In fondeſt extacy of praiſe.
Ah! ſhort deluſive trance!
What tho' the feſtival be there;—
The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;
And joy and harmony combine!
Touch but the taliſman, and *all is thine!*
Th' inſenſate lovers fix in icy fold,
And on his throbbing lyre the Minſtrel's hand is cold!
'Tis THOU canſt quench the Eagle's ſight,
That ſtems the cataract of light!
Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
Bend th' obedient foreſt low—
And tame the monſters of the main.
Such is thy potent reign!
O'er earth, and air, and ſea!
Yet, art thou ſtill *diſdain'd by me.*
And I have reaſon for my ſcorn;—
Do I not hate the riſing morn;
The gariſh noon; the eve ſerene;
The freſh'ning breeze; the ſportive green;
The painted pleaſures' throng'd reſort;
And all the ſplendors of the court?

And has not *Sorrow* choſe to dwell
Within my hot heart's central cell?
And are not Hope's weak viſions o'er,
Can Love or rapture reach me more?
Then tho' I ſcorn thy ſtroke—I call *thee Friend*,
For in thy calm embrace my weary woes ſhall end.

VERSES.—*Made at Sea in a Heavy Gale.*

HAPPY the man who, ſafe on ſhore,
Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
Unmov'd, he hears the tempeſts roar,
That on the tufted groves expire:
Alas! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble bark muſt bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The ſquirrel ſeeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their ſhaded caverns meet,
All, all are bleſt but wretched we—
For, doom'd a ſtranger to repoſe,
No reſt th' unſettled ocean knows,

While o'er the dark abyſs we roam,
Perhaps whate'er the pilots ſay,
We ſaw the ſun's deſcending gloom,
No more to ſee his riſing lay,
But, bury'd low, by far too deep,
On coral beds unpity'd ſleep!

But what a ſtrange uncoaſted ſtrand
Is that where Death permits no day!

) charts we have to mark that land,
No compaſs to direct that way.
What pilot ſhall explore that realm?
What new Columbus take the helm?

hile death and darkneſs both ſurround,
And tempeſts rage with lawleſs power,
friendſhip's voice I hear no ſound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendſhip can in tempeſts be?
What comforts on this angry ſea?

ıe bark, accuſtomed to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide,
lone ſhe gropes her trackleſs way,
While mountains burſt on every ſide;
Thus ſkill and ſcience both muſt fall,
And ruin is the lot of all.

ETTER from MARSEILLES to my Siſters at CRUX-EASTON, May 1735.

ENE, *the Study at* Crux-Eaſton. Molly and Fanny *are ſitting at Work; enter to them* Harriot *in a paſſion.*

HARRIOT.

ORD! ſiſter, here's the butcher come,
And not one word from brother Tom;
ıe punctual ſpark, that made his boaſt
e'd *write by ev'ry* other poſt!

That

That ever I was ſo abſurd
To take a man upon his word!
Quoth Frances, Child, I wonder much.
You cou'd expect him to keep touch;
'Tis ſo, my dear, with all mankind;
When out of ſight you're out of mind.
Think you he'd to his ſiſters write?
Was ever girl ſo unpolite!
Some fair Italian ſtands poſſeſs'd,
And reigns ſole miſtreſs in his breaſt;
To her he dedicates his time,
And fawns in proſe, or ſighs in rhyme;
She'll give him tokens of her love,
Perhaps not eaſy to remove;
Such as will make him large amends
For loſs of ſiſters and of friends.

Cries Harriot, when he comes to France,
I hope in God he'll learn to dance,
And leave his aukward habits there,
I'm ſure he has enough to ſpare.

O cou'd he leave his faults, faith Fanny,
And bring the good alone, if any,
Poor brother Tom, he'd grow ſo light,
The wind might rob us of him quite!
Of habits he may well get clear;
Ill humours are the faults, I fear,
For in my life I ne'er ſaw yet
A creature half ſo paſſionate.
Good heav'ns! how did he rave and tear,
On my not going you know where;

I ſcarcely yet have got my dread off:
I thought he'd bite my ſiſter's head off.
'Tween him and Jenny what a clatter
About a fig, a mighty matter!
I cou'd recount a thouſand more,
But ſcandal's what I moſt abhor.

Molly, who long had patient ſat,
And heard in ſilence all their chat,
Obſerving how they ſpoke with rancour,
Took up my cauſe, for which I thank her.
What eloquence was then diſplay'd,
The charming things that Molly ſaid,
Perhaps it ſuits not me to tell;
But, faith! ſhe ſpoke extremely well.
She firſt, with much ado, put on
A prudiſh face, then thus begun.

Heyday! quoth ſhe, you let your tongue
Run on moſt ſtrangely, right or wrong.
'Tis what I never can connive at;
Beſides, conſider whom you drive at.
A perſon of eſtabliſh'd credit,
Nobody better, though I ſaid it,
In all that's good ſo try'd and known,
Why, girls, he's quite a proverb grown.
His worth no mortal dares diſpute:
Then he's your brother too to boot.

At this ſhe made a moment's pauſe,
Then with a ſigh reſum'd the cauſe.
Alas! *my dears*, you little know
A ſailor's toil, a trav'ler's woe;

Perhaps this very hour he ſtrays
A lonely wretch thro' deſert ways;
Or ſhipwreck'd on a foreign ſtrand,
He falls beneath ſome ruffian's hand:
Or on the naked rock he lies,
And pinch'd by famine waſtes and dies.
Can you this hated brother ſee
Floating, the ſport of wind and ſea;
Can you his feeble accents hear,
Tho' but in thought, nor drop a tear?
He faintly ſtrives, his hopes are fled,
The billows booming o'er his head;
He mounts upon the waves again,
He calls on us, but calls in vain;
To death preſerves his friendſhip true,
And mutters out a kind adieu.
See, now he riſes to our ſight,
Now ſinks in everlaſting night.

Here Fanny's colour roſe and fell,
And Harriot's throat began to ſwell;
One fidled to the window quite,
Pretending ſome unuſual ſight;
The other left the room outright:
While Molly laugh'd, her ends obtain'd,
To think how artfully ſhe feign'd.

To a Spendthrift diſinherited.

HIS whole eſtate thy father, by his v
Gave to the poor—thou haſt good

THE

ART of DANCING.

A POEM.

Inſcribed to the Right Honourable Lady FANNY FIELDING.

Inceſſu patuit Dea. VIRG.

CANTO I.

IN the ſmooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Eaſy with care, and ſprightly tho' ſerene;
To mark th' inſtructions echoing ſtrains convey,
And with juſt ſteps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be preſent, all ye ſacred Choir,
Blow the ſoft flute, and ſtrike the ſounding lyre;
When FIELDING bids, your kind aſſiſtance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh may her eyes (to her this verſe is due),
What firſt themſelves inſpir'd, vouchſafe to view!

Hail loftieſt art! thou can'ſt all hearts inſnare,
And make the faireſt ſtill appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unleſs ſhe borrows half her arms from you!
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeleſs charms,
Or care to claſp a ſtatue in their arms;

But breaſts of flint muſt melt with fierce deſire,
When art and motion wake the ſleeping fire:
A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But ſtill, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeleſs piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt all her beauteous limbs unactive lie;
But when her charms are in the dance diſplay'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This ſets her beauty in the faireſt light,
And ſhews each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as ſhe turns around, from every part,
Like porcupines, ſhe ſends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond ſpectator tries
To ſhun the pleaſing dangers of her eyes;
For, Parthian-like, ſhe wounds as ſure behind,
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her ſteps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the ſlow Louvre's more majeſtic pace;
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or ſprightly Jigg diſplays the nimble fair,
At every ſtep new beauties we explore,
And worſhip now what we admir'd before:

So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of Love,
The beauteous goddeſs, whilſt unmov'd ſhe ſtood
Seem'd ſome fair nymph, the guardian of the wood
But when ſhe mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien
And graceful ſtep confeſs'd bright Beauty's que

New glories o'er her form each moment riſe,
And all the goddeſs opens to his eyes.

Now haſte, my Muſe, purſue thy deſtin'd way;
What dreſſes beſt become the dancer, ſay;
The rules of dreſs forget not to impart,
A leſſon previous to the dancing art.

The ſoldier's ſcarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilſt the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly ſpeaks divinity within;
The milk maid ſafe thro' driving rains and ſnows,
Wrap'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
Whilſt the ſoft belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the ſilken ſhoe, and truſts her boſom bare:
The woolly drab, and Engliſh broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horſeman from the beating ſtorm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy ſweat;
Rather let him his active limbs diſplay
In camblet thin, or gloſſy paduaſoy:
Let no unwieldy pride his ſhoulders preſs,
But airy, light, and eaſy be his dreſs;
Thin be his yielding ſoal, and low his heel,
So ſhall he nimbly bound, and ſafely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verſe prolong,
Precepts which uſe will better teach than ſong;
For why ſhould I the gallant ſpark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or *in his fobb* enliv'ning ſpirits wear,
And pungent ſalts to raiſe the fainting fair?

Or hint, the ſword that dangles at his ſide,
Should from its ſilken bandage be unty'd?
Why ſhould my lays the youthful tribe adviſe,
Leaſt ſnowy clouds from out their hair ariſe;
So ſhall their partners mourn their laces ſpoil'd,
And ſhining ſilks with greaſy powder ſoil'd?
Nor need I, ſure, bid prudent youths beware,
Leſt with erected tongues their buckles ſtare;
The pointed ſteel ſhall oft' their ſtocking rend,
And oft' th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair! I ſing to you,
With pleaſing ſmiles my uſeful labours view:
For you the ſilk worms fine-wrought webs diſplay,
And lab'ring ſpin their little lives away;
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow;
For you the ſea reſigns its pearly ſtore,
And earth unlocks her mines of treaſur'd ore;
In vain yet Nature thus her gifts beſtows,
Unleſs yourſelves with art thoſe gifts diſpoſe.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dreſs preſcrib'd can ſuit with all;
One brighteſt ſhines when wealth and art combine
To make the finiſh'd piece compleatly fine;
When leaſt adorn'd, another ſteals our hearts,
And, rich in native beauties, wants not arts:
In ſome are ſuch reſiſtleſs graces found,
That in all dreſſes they are ſure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids deſpiſe,
And gems but borrow luſtre from their eyes,

Le

Let the fair nymph, in whoſe plump cheeks is ſeen
A conſtant bluſh, be clad in cheerful green;
In ſuch a dreſs the ſportive ſea-nymphs go;
So in their graſſy bed freſh roſes blow:
The laſs whoſe ſkin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow ſhould o'er-come her own:
While maids grown pale with ſickneſs or deſpair,
The ſable's mournful dye ſhould chooſe to wear;

So the pale moon ſtill ſhines with pureſt light,
Cloath'd in the duſky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all thoſe treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts:
Dancing's a touchſtone that true beauty tries,
Nor ſuffers charms that Nature's hand denies:
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The roſy bluſh, and ſkin of lovely hue,
Yet ſoon the dance will cauſe the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of ſnow:

So ſhine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilſt frozen gems beſpangle all the ground;
Thro' the clear cryſtal of the glitt'ring ſnow,
With ſcarlet dye the bluſhing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories riſe,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes:
Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
The ſplendid ſcenes, their glories fade away;
The fields reſign the beauties not their own,
And all their ſnowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in ſuch momentous points adviſe,
I ſhould condemn the hoop's enormous ſize;

Of ills I ſpeak by long experience found,
Oft' have I trod th' immeaſurable round,
And mourn'd my ſhins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor ſhou'd the tighten'd ſtays, too ſtraightly lac'd
In whale-bone bondage gall the ſlender waiſt;
Nor waving lappets ſhou'd the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft' will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold;
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' intangled gordian knot is ty'd:
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r
Together join'd in ſome ill-fated hour,
The more they ſtrive their freedom to regain,
The faſter binds th' indiſſoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be diſgrac'd,
Ever be ſure to tye her garter faſt,
Leſt the loos'd ſtring, amidſt the public ball,
A wiſh'd for prize to ſome proud fop ſhould fall,
Who the rich treaſure ſhall triumphant ſhew,
And with warm bluſhes cauſe her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the ſelf-ſame ways
She humbles many, ſome delights to raiſe)
It happen'd once, a fair illuſtrious dame
By ſuch neglect acquir'd immortal fame;
And hence the radiant ſtar and garter blue
BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if Fame ſays true:
Hence ſtill, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
Tho' long ſince moulder'd in the dulky tomb,

Still thy loſt garter is thy ſov'reign's care,
And what each royal breaſt is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Leſt they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aſide,
A toy at once diſplay'd for uſe and pride;
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms
Cools your own breaſt, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard ſhall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verſe can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uſes, motions, charms and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft' extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When ſecret ſorrows her ſad boſom fill,
If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:
Its ſticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with ſecret ſhame,
Dies to conſent, yet fears to own her flame:
Its ſhake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my Muſe, th' extenſive theme to ſing,
Nor truſt in ſuch a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name;
Say from what cauſe it firſt deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd ſeat of love,
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,

A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An eaſy ſhape, and ſweetly-blooming face;
FANNY the damſel's name, as chaſte as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each ſwain's deſpair;
To charm her ear the rival ſhepherds ſing,
Blow the ſoft flute, and wake the trembling ſtring,
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But ſtill he ſighs, and ſtill he wooes in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardleſs of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneaſy with her own;
But ſtill complains, that he who rul'd the air
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Now let the youth, to whoſe ſuperior place
It firſt belongs the ſplendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
Forth from the crowd to lead his choſen fair;
The fair ſhall not his kind requeſt deny,
But to the pleaſing toil with equal ardour fly.

But ſtay, raſh pair, nor yet untaught advanc
Firſt hear the muſe, ere you attempt to dance:
* By art directed o'er the foaming tide
Secure from rocks the painted veſſels glide;
By art the chariot ſcours the duſty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the ſtrait'ning re
To art our bodies muſt obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful eaſe to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
Hence loſt in error, and uncertainty,
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry maſter taught a diff'rent way;
Hence, 'ere each new-born dance was fully try
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,
Thro' various hands in wild confuſion toſs'd,
Its ſteps were alter'd, and its beauties loſt;
Till ‡ FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, roſe,
And did the dance in characters compoſe:

E

* *Arte citæ veloque rates, remoque, moventur*
Arte leves currus; O

†———*Nec audit currus habenas.* V

‡ *Fuillet wrote the Art of* Dancing *by charac*
in French, ſince tranſlated by Weaver.

Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught;
And ev'ry ſtep in laſting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleaſing art ſhall ſpread;
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By diſtant maſters ſhall each ſtep be ſeen,
Tho' mountains riſe, and oceans roar between;
Hence, with her ſiſter arts, ſhall dancing claim
An equal right to univerſal fame,
And Issac's rigadoon ſhall live as long,
As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's ſong.

Wiſe nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Diſpenſes various gifts to ev'ry land,
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for ſome peculiar arts;
To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
Muſic and verſe are ſoft ITALIA's charms;
BRITANNIA juſtly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and ſail'd the globe around
But none will ſure preſume to rival FRANCE,
Whether ſhe forms, or executes the dance:
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The ſprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
The Boree and Courante, unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and the ſmooth Bretagne,
With all thoſe dances of illuſtrious fame,
* That from their native country take their name:
With theſe let ev'ry ball be firſt begun,
Nor country-dance intrude 'till theſe are done.

Each cautious bard, 'ere he attempts to ſing,
Firſt gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;

* *French dances.*

And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The muſes all his raptur'd ſoul inſpire.
At once to heav'n he ſoars in lofty odes,
And ſings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight ſo high,
He then deſcends to ſofter elegy;
And if in elegy he can't ſucceed,
In paſt'ral he may tune the oaten reed:
So ſhou'd the dancer, 'ere he tries to move,
With care his ſtrength, his weight, and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himſelf he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's ſlow majeſtic dance;
If theſe he fears to reach, with eaſy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace;
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
And to the country-dance confine his care.

Wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be your firſt thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain ſhall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to ſtart the youthful couple ſtand,
Let them awhile their nimble feet reſtrain,
And with ſoft taps beat time to ev'ry ſtrain:

So, for the race prepar'd, two courſers ſtand,
And with impatient pawings ſpurn the ſand.

In

In vain a maſter ſhall employ his care,
Where nature once has fix'd a clumſy air;
Rather let ſuch, to country ſports confin'd,
Purſue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'ſquire deſpiſe,
A mien effeminate wou'd I adviſe;
With equal ſcorn I wou'd the fop deride,
Nor let him dance——but on the woman's ſide.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
A ſtupid dulneſs, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Aſleep, like ſpinning tops, run round and round;
Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and ſkip from ſide to ſide.

True dancing, like true wit, is beſt expreſs'd
By nature only to advantage dreſs'd;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to pleaſe a curious eye;
Good judges no ſuch tumblers tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, becauſe they're hard.

'Tis not enough, that ev'ry ſtander by
No glaring errors in your ſteps can ſpy;
The dance and muſic muſt ſo nicely meet,
Each note ſhou'd ſeem an echo to your feet;
A nameleſs grace muſt in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er expreſs, or precepts tell;
Not to be taught, but ever to be ſeen
In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's eaſy mein:
'Tis *ſuch an air that* makes her thouſands fall,
When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball;

Smood

Smooth as CAMILLA ſhe ſkims o'er the plain,
And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes ſlain.

Now when the minuet oft' repeated o'er,
(Like all terreſtrial joys) can pleaſe no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refuſing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand,
Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each ſtraggler in:
But, 'ere they come, permit me to diſcloſe
How firſt, as legends tell, this paſtime roſe.

In ancient times (ſuch times are now no more!)
When Albion's crown illuſtrious ARTHUR wore,
In ſome fair-op'ning glade, each ſummer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her ſilver light,
On the ſoft carpet of a graſſy field,
The ſporting fairies their aſſemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pygmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green;
Some with ſoft notes bade mellow pipes reſound,
And muſic warble thro' the groves around;
Oft' lonely ſheperds by the foreſt ſide,
Belated peaſants oft' their revels ſpy'd,
And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale,
Their gueſts diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Inſtructed hence, throughout the Britiſh iſle,
And fond to imitate the pleaſing toil, [high,
Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on
And bears its flow'ry honours to the ſky,
The ruddy maids, and ſun burnt ſwains reſort,
And practiſe ev'ry night the lovely ſport.

On ev'ry ſide Æolian artiſts ſtand,
Whoſe active elbows ſwelling winds command;
The ſwelling winds harmonious pipes inſpire,
And blow in ev'ry breaſt a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught at firſt the country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art:
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleaſing exerciſe approv'd;
Hence the loud fiddle, and ſhrill trumpet's ſounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems, and ſilks, brocades, and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect luſtre ſhine.

So rude at firſt the tragic muſe appear'd,
Her voice alone by ruſtic rabble heard,
Where twiſting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd ſpectators ſat beneath the ſhade,
The homely ſtage with ruſhes green was ſtrew'd,
And in a cart the ſtrolling actors rode;
Till time at length improv'd the great deſign,
And bade the ſcenes with painted landſkips ſhine;
Then art did all the bright machines diſpoſe,
And theatres of Parian marble roſe;
Then mimic thunder ſhook the canvas ſky,
And gods deſcended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let every youth prepare
To chooſe a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' inſtructing muſe's voice,
If ſhe pretended to direct his choice:

Beauty alone by fancy is expreſs'd,
And charms in different forms each different br
A ſnowy ſkin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilſt nut brown cheeks another's boſom fire
Small waiſts and ſlender limbs ſome hearts inſ
While others love the more ſubſtantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgments ſ
Your reaſon rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance, as in the marriage nooſe,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, chooſe:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect ſl
When ſhe ſhou'd move, and when ſhe ſhou'd be
Who uninſtructed can perform her ſhare,
And kindly half the pleaſing burden bear.
Unhappy is that hopeleſs wretch's fate,
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial ſtate,
With a poor, ſimple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And ſuch is his, with ſuch a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still muſt his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach ſo faſt as ſhe can ſtray:
Beneath her follies he muſt ever groan,
And ever bluſh for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each ſide, the well pair'd couples ſta
Each youthful boſom beating with delight,
Waits the briſk ſignal for the pleaſing fight:
While lovely eyes, that flaſh unuſual rays,
And ſnowy bubbies pull'd above the ſtays,

Quick buſy hands, and bridling heads declare,
The fond impatience of the ſtarting fair.
And ſee, the ſprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run;
Now with ſlow ſteps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too ſwift for ſight, they ſpring.

So, in a wheel with rapid fury toſs'd,
The undiſtinguiſh'd ſpokes are in the motion loſt.

The dancer now no more requires a guide,
To no ſtrict ſteps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The muſe's precepts here wou'd uſeleſs be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free:
Let him but to the muſic's voice attend,
By this inſtructed, he can ne'er offend:
If to his ſhare it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be ſure to tread:
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their ſteps the winding maze purſue.

In ev'ry country-dance a ſerious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
In hunt-the-ſquirrel, thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we purſue:
Thus in round dances, where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As ſoon as one from his own conſort flies,
Another ſeizes on the lovely prize:
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer ſteals her from his arms,
New ones ſucceed, the laſt is ſtill her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconſtant fair!

Where can philoſophers, and ſages wiſe,
Who read the curious volumes of the ſkies,
A model more exact than dancing name,
Of the creation's univerſal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
In a bright regular confuſion ſtray:
Now here, now there, they whirl along the ſky,
Now near approach, and now far diſtant fly,
Now meet in the ſame order they begun,
And then the great celeſtial dance is done.

Where can the mor'liſt find a juſter plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
A while thro' juſtling crowds we toil and ſweat,
And eagerly purſue we know not what;
Then when our trifling ſhort-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd ſit down, juſt where we firſt begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquiſitely fair,
Let not her charms ſo much engage your heart,
That you neglect the ſkilful dancer's part.
Be not, when you the tuneful notes ſhould hear,
Still whiſp'ring idle prattle in her ear.
When you ſhou'd be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all other ſteps delay:
But when the finiſh'd dance you once have done,
And with applauſe thro' ev'ry couple run,
There reſt awhile: there ſnatch the fleeting bliſs,
The tender whiſper, and the balmy kiſs.
Each ſecret wiſh, each ſofter hope confeſs,
And her moiſt palm with eager fingers preſs;

With

With ſmiles the fair ſhall hear your warm deſires,
When muſic melts her ſoul, and dancing fires.

Thus, mix'd with love, the pleaſing toil purſue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view.
Then, when approaching day its beams diſplays,
And the dull candles ſhine with fainter rays;
Then when the ſun juſt riſes o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almoſt ſet in ſleep,
With ready hands, obſequious youths, prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each choſen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be ſpread,
Around her ſhoulders let this arm be caſt,
Whilſt that from cold defends her ſlender waiſt.
With kiſſes warm her balmy lips ſhall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry ſnow.
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold ſmall-beer.
Ah, thoughtleſs fair! the tempting draught refuſe,
When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd muſe.
Let the ſad conſequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains for preſent joy;
Deſtruction lurks within the pois'nous doſe,
A fatal fever, or a pimpl'd noſe.

Thus, *thro' each* precept of the dancing art,
The muſe has play'd the kind inſtructor's part:

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils ſhe has led,
And pointed out the fureſt paths to tread:
No more remains; no more the goddeſs ſings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
And ſleep's ſilk cords tie down each drowſy eye;
Delightful dreams their pleaſing ſports reſtore,
And ev'n in ſleep they ſeem to dance once more.

And now the work compleatly finiſh'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
Whilſt birds in air, or fiſh in ſtreams we find,
Or damſels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs ſhall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a ſermon hear;
So long the brighteſt eyes ſhall oft peruſe
The uſeful lines of my inſtructive muſe;
Each belle ſhall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau ſhall read them—if he can.

The GIFT *of the* GODS.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambroſial feaſt,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a gueſt;
Homer ſays, the celeſtials lov'd laughing.
On each, in the ſynod, the humoriſt drol'd;
So none could his joking diſprove:
He ſung ſongs, reparteed, and ſome droll ſtories told,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove:

'Sire

'Sire, Atlas, who long has the univerſe bore,
'Grows grievouſly tired of late;
'He complains, that mankind are much worſe than
'before.
'So begs to be eas'd of their weight.'

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his ſhoulders commanded the ball:
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.

Miſs, pleas'd with the preſent, review'd the world
round,
To find what each kingdom was worth:
Like a diamond, the globe with an atmoſphere bound,
Then variouſly planted the earth.

With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd;
France and Spain ſhe taught vineyards to rear;
What was fit for each clime, on each clime ſhe
beſtow'd;
And Freedom, ſhe found, flouriſh'd here,

Four cardinal virtues ſhe left in this iſle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root;
The bloſſoms of Liberty gayly 'gan ſmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed and thus bred, by a bounty ſo rare,
O preſerve it as pure as 'twas given!
We will while we've breath; nay, we'll graſp it in
death,
Then return it, untainted, to heaven.

AFFECTATION OF DELICACY RIDICULED.

THE *languid* lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, 'till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:
But knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the *Alps*——that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
My fan! let others ſay who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconick* ſtyle;
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *ſees* than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out th' Idea her faint words deny,
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound:
And help! O help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt, and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather *ſtarve*;
But *chew* ſhe muſt herſelf; ah cruel fate!
That *Roſalinda* can't by *proxy* eat.

THE

THE

MAN OF TASTE:

OCCASIONED BY AN

EPISTLE

OF MR POPE'S

ON THAT SUBJECT.

WHOE'ER he be that to a *Taſte* aſpires,
Let him read this, and be what he deſires.
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write
Not what was once but what is now polite.
Thoſe who of courtly France have made the tour,
Can ſcarce our Engliſh aukwardneſs endure;
But honeſt men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its *Taſte* applaud.

True *Taſte* to me is by this touchſtone known,
That's always beſt that's neareſt to my own.
To ſhew that my pretenſions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.
Pears and piſtachio-nuts my mother ſold,
He a dramatic poet, ſhe a ſcold.
His tragic muſe *could* counteſſes affright,
Her wit in boxes was my lord's delight.

N

No mercenary prieſt e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock' unpoetic bands.
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a ſort of meaſure kept,
I ſquall'd in diſtichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waſte,
Happy in an hereditary *Taſte*.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the ſinews of my thumb,
Nor barb'rous birch e'er bruſh'd my brawny bum
My guts ne'er ſuffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery book.
Grammar in vain the ſons of Priſcian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of ſpeech
Since theſe declin'd, thoſe undeclin'd they call,
I thank my ſtars, that I declin'd 'em all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
I truſt to mother wit, and father ſenſe.
Nature's my guide, all ſciences I ſcorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.

Yet is my *gout* for criticiſm ſuch,
I've got ſome French, and know a little Dutch.
Huge commentators grace my learned ſhelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themſelves.
Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-critics are as good again.
Tho' Blackmore's works my ſoul with raptures fill
With notes by Bentley they'd be better ſtill.

Th

The boghouſe-miſcellany's well deſign'd,
To eaſe the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my reſentment call,
For he diſpleaſes me, that pleaſes all.
Verſe without rhime I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in ſenſe obſcure.
To him as nature, when he ceas'd to ſee,
Milton's an univerſal blank to me.
Confirm'd and ſettled by the nation's voice,
Rhime is the poet's pride, and people's choice.
Always upheld by national ſupport,
Of market, univerſity, and court:
Thomſon, write blank: but know that for that reaſon,
Theſe lines ſhall live, when thine are out of ſeaſon.
Rhime binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their ſhape to ſtays.

Had Cibber's ſelf the Careleſs Huſband wrote,
He for the Laurel ne'er had had my vote:
But for his epilogues and other plays,
He thoroughly deſerves the modern bays.
It pleaſes me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
While Cibber wears the bays for playhouſe proſe.
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd ſat,
While Bradſhaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curl! he ne'er to publiſh fears,
The ſpeeches, verſes, and laſt wills of peers.
How oft has he a public ſpirit ſhown,
And pleas'd our ears regardleſs of his own!

But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame,
Are not his brother-bookſellers the ſame!
Can ſtatutes keep the Britiſh preſs in awe,
While that ſells beſt, that's moſt againſt the law?

Lives of dead play'rs my leiſure hours beguile,
And ſeſſions-papers tragedize my ſtile.
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with juſt propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave.
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept?
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept?

T' improve in morals Mandeville I read,
And Tyndal's ſcruples are my ſettled creed.
I travell'd early, and I ſoon ſaw through
Religion all, e'er I was twenty-two.
Shame, pain, or poverty ſhall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my eaſe procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As Paſaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myſelf, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that Bible which the Parſon quotes,
And men of ſpirit all ſhall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taſte for buildings, muſic, men.

Young

Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boaſt,
With ſuperficial ſmatterings at moſt.
Not ſo my mind, unſatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houſes I have ſeen,
From High park corner down to Bednal-green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by building Jones,
To murder mortar, and disfigure ſtones!
Who in Whitehall can ſymmetry diſcern?
I reckon Covent-garden church a barn.
Nor hate I leſs thy vile Cathedral, Paul!
The choir's too big, the cupola's too ſmall:
Subſtantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis Vanburgh's ſtructures that my fancy ſtrike:
Such noble ruins ev'ry pile would make,
I wiſh they'd tumble for the proſpect's ſake.
To lofty Chelſea or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and ſailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St James's hoſpital may ſerve for kings.
Building ſo happily I underſtand,
That for one houſe I'd mortgage all my land.
Dorick, Ionic, ſhall not there be found,
But it ſhall coſt me threeſcore thouſand pound.
From out my honeſt workmen, I'll ſelect
A bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;
Firſt bid him build me a ſtupendous dome,
Which having finiſh'd, we ſet out for Rome;
Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,
Stare *round, ſee* nothing, and come home content.

I have my villa too, a ſweet abode,
Its ſituation ſhall be London road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place like cit's balconies,
Which † Bentley calls the gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the faſhion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Fair four legg'd temples, theatres that vie
With all the angles of a Chriſtmas-pye.
Does it not merit the beholder's praiſe,
What's high to ſink, and what is low to raiſe?
Slopes ſhall aſcend where once a green-houſe ſtood,
And in my horſe-pond I will plant a wood.
Let miſers dread the hoarded gold to waſte;
Expence and alteration ſhew a *Taſte*.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their ſeveral beauties by their price.
Auctions and ſales I conſtantly attend,
But chuſe my pictures by a ſkilful friend.
Originals and copies much the ſame,
The picture's value is the painter's name.

My taſte in ſculpture from my choice is ſeen,
I buy no ſtatutes that are not obſcene.
In ſpite of Addiſon and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudeſly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.
How oft have I with admiration ſtood,
To view ſome city-magiſtrate in wood!
I gaze with pleaſure on a lord mayr's head,
Caſt with propriety in gilded lead.

† Bentley's Milton, Book 9. ver. 439.

Oh could I view, through London as I paſs,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian braſs!
High on a pedeſtal, ye freemen, place
His magiſterial paunch and griping face;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapſide,
And grant the tradeſman what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends, if I the truth might ſpeak,
I like the modern, and deſpiſe th' antique.
Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan bureau,
To Lady Gripeall I the Cæſars ſhew;
'Tis equal to her ladyſhip or me,
A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubee.

Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's muſic I adhere:
Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage beaſt,
And therefore proper at a ſheriff's feaſt.
My ſoul has oft a ſecret pleaſure found,
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty ſound.
Bagpipes for men, ſhrill German flutes for boys,
I'm Engliſh born, and love a grumbling noiſe.
The ſtage ſhould yield the ſolemn organ's note,
And ſcripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.
Let Seneſino ſing what David writ,
And Hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Heſter came,
And Oratorio was a lucky name.

Thou.

Thou, Heideggre! the Engliſh taſte haſt found,
And rul'ſt the mob of quality with ſound.
In Lent, if maſquerades diſpleaſe the town,
Call 'em ridottoes, and they'll ſtill go down:
Go on, prince Phyz! to pleaſe the Britiſh nation,
Call thy next maſquerade a *Convocation*.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
And Philoſophical Tranſactions read.
Next lodge I'll be free-maſon; nothing leſs,
Unleſs I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for Porters, or for Peers.
Of ev'ry uſeful knowledge I've a ſhare,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricaſſee'd, and coxcomb-pies.
Diſhes I chuſe though little, yet genteel,
Snails the firſt courſe, and peepers crown the meal.
Pigs heads with hair on much my fancy pleaſe,
I love young colly-flow'rs if ſtew'd in cheeſe,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tattling ſervants to my table come,
My Grace is Silence, and my waiter Dumb.
Queer country puts extol Queen Beſs's reign,
And of loſt hoſpitality complain.
Say thou, that do'ſt thy father's table praiſe,
Was there mahogany in former days?

Oh!

Oh! could a Britiſh Barony be ſold?
I would bright honour buy with dazling gold.
Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppreſs the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger ſtill,
On any terms to pay a tradeſman's bill.
I'd make the inſolent mechanics ſtay,
And keep my ready-money all for play.
I'd try if any pleaſure could be found,
In toſſing up for twenty thouſand pound.
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And ſtake lands, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But ſhould I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be glorioufly undone;
My debts of honour I'd diſcharge the firſt,
Let all my lawful creditors be curſt:
My title would preſerve me from arreſt,
And ſeizing hired horſes is a jeſt.
'd walk the mornings with an oaken ſtick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman Dick.
A footman I would be, in outward ſhow,
n ſenſe and education, truly ſo.
As for my head, it ſhould ambiguous wear
At once a periwig, and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dreſs, and talk of dreſſing, more than they.
'll pleaſe the maids of honour, if I can;
Without black-velvet breeches, what is man?
will my ſkill in button-holes diſplay,
And brag how oft I ſhift me ev'ry day.

Shall I wear cloaths in aukward England made
Or ſweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade?
In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace
I'll ſpend the income of a treaſurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles ſhall to thouſands mour
And I'd out-di'mond ev'n the Di'mond count.
I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths,
That belles are leſs effeminate than beaux,
And Dr Lamb ſhould pare my lordſhip's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and paraſites I'd live.
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough-riders give my choiceſt wine.
I would careſs ſome ſtableman of note,
And imitate his language, and his coat.
My ev'nings all I would with ſharpers ſpend,
And make the thief-catcher my boſom friend.
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
And ſup with Colly Cibber ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be faſhionably ill,
I'd ſend for Miſaubin, and take his pill.
I ſhould abhor, though in the utmoſt need,
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead:
But if I found that I grew worſe and worſe,
I'd turn off Miſaubin, and take a nurſe.
How oft, when eminent Phyſicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail?
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's ſtruck with ye
Eyes ſhe can couch, or ſhe can ſyringe ears.

Of graduates I diſlike the learned rout,
And chuſe a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd,
Sure, of all blockheads, ſcholars are the worſt.
Back to your univerſities, ye fools!
And dangle arguments on ſtrings in ſchools:
Thoſe ſchools which univerſities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all.
With eaſe that loſs the nation might ſuſtain,
Supply' by Goodman's Fields and Drury-lane.
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to Haymarket, and Covent-garden:
Quit thoſe, ye Britiſh youth, and follow theſe,
Turn players all, and take your 'ſquires degrees.
Boaſt not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd ſeats! the theatres have more:
Ye ſtiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb,
A ſinging eunuch gets a larger ſum.
Have ſome of you three hundred by the year,
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thouſand clear.
Should Oxford to her ſiſter Cambridge join,
A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine:
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For playhouſe, opera, ball, and maſquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the ſtage.

I am a politican too, and hate
Of any *party, miniſters* of ſtate:

I'm for an act, that he, who ſev'n whole years
Has ſerv'd his king and country, loſe his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,
To give the laws of *Taſte* to human kind.
Mine are the gallant ſchemes of politeſſe,
For books, and buildings, politics, and dreſs.
This is true *Taſte*, and whoſo likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and ſot.

The FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.

The trav'ller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never cloſe.

Tho' diſtant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendleſs ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before;
The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe;
Till, by conflicting waves oppreſs'd,
Her found'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a ſingle error?—None.

Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for ſacred ſtories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.

The ſtars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waining face,
All beauteous, from her late diſgrace,
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,

Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.

And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er like ev'ning ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?———Is this
What we demand of woman?———Yes.

But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire,
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to reſt,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman falls—to riſe no more.

Within this ſublunary ſphere
A country lies——no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground,
A ſtream, call'd Life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue riſe.

Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,

An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect, as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.

As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt opening to the view)
Oft thro' her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd;
The morn her radiant bluſh affum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dreſs the world in white.

But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd:

O! joyful cauſe of many a care!
O! daughter too divinely fair!

Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all muſt go,
Whoſe doubted period none can know;
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where reaſon's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Thro' ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love and years adviſe.

Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view
Which Virtue, and her ſons purſue;
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health, with chearful vigour flows,
And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence, as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;

Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And, taught by virtue, pain can pleaſe.

At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celeſtial ſhore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs leading up to light;
Senſe backward ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's groſs incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy ſpeed,
Tho' pleaſure charm, or pain impede;
To ſuch th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
For preſent earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain;
And endleſs bliſs, for tranſient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There, ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhew,
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,

Trees, that delicious poiſon bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd
Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte,
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wiſe, and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink—and riſe no more.

But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And every foot thy preſence fly.

Thus *arm'd with* words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,

A charm, by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd,
Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, hand-maid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-ſtruck the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin viſion bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend,
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to Heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blitheſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſs'd,
New melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret flaſhing dies;
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,

And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.

And now, for momentary reſt,
The nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.

Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtraight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte,
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taſte what extaſies they give,
Dying raptures taſte and live.

In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
Nature empties all her treaſure,

Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh,
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty come away.

Liſt not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April's ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.

Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment paſt the painting;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.

So ſung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our Fair One might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity, with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet;
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,

T.

Taſteleſs of every good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſt.

With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein, all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around.
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd;
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,

Borne

Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous ſand;
The pilot warns, with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
'Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And Heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long reluctant Maid.

Here ſtop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n reſtor'd?
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate,
With Honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourſelves are frail.

And now, from all-enquiring light,
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.

As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all rapt amidſt his ſtore;
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, ſhe cry'd!

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd, and blaſted ev'ry grace;

Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her ſide.
And ev'ry lewd, inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.

What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the Mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.

Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhews her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n, not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling ſky.
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,

All radiant ſate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quickening in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whoſe awful ſound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill,
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies,
Come, thy sister angels say
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd.
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles——vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way.
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand,

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,

Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
Time be ſpent, and life expire.

Then; ye boaſted works of men,
Where is your aſylum then?
Sons of pleaſure, ſons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a ſceptre graſp'd in ſleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.

Paſs the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an univerſe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature ſav'd.

Like the life-ſupporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the ſwain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore,
Seed, by genial ſorrows ſown,
More than all thy ſcorners own.

What tho' hoſtile earth deſpiſe,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy ſide.

When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n ſhall thy return atteſt,
Hail'd by myriads of the bleſs'd.

Little native of the ſkies,
Lovely penitent, ariſe;
Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy ſiſter now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleaſure knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of ſhorteſt date,
Crowns of endleſs triumph wait;
On my cares a period bleſs'd;
On my toils, eternal reſt.

Come, with Virtue at thy ſide,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native ſhore,
Siſter, come, and turn no more.

DESCRIPTION *of a* PARISH-POOR HOUSE.——VISIT *from the* APOTHECARY.——CLERGYMAN.——*The* POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

THEIR's is yon houſe that holds the pariſh-poor,
Whoſe walls of mud ſcarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyleſs bed,
Forſaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happieſt they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the ſick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the ſcenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from ſome ſad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here ſorrowing, they each kindred ſorrow ſcan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whoſe laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And ſtrong compulſion plucks the ſcrap from pride;
But ſtill that *ſcrap* is bought with many a ſigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say

Say ye, oppreſt by ſome fantaſtic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repoſe;
Who preſs the downy couch, while ſlaves adv
With timid eye, to read the diſtant glance;
Who with ſad prayers the weary doctor teaze
To name the nameleſs ever-new diſeaſe;
Who with mock patience dire complaints end
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Deſpis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your lateſt breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for de

Such is that room which one rude beam divi
And naked rafters form the ſloping ſides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are ſ
And lath and mud is all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarſely patch'd, gives
To the rude tempeſt, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with duſt o'erſpread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that ſtagnates in his eyes;
No friends with ſoft diſcourſe his pain beguile,
Nor promiſe hope till ſickneſs wears a ſmile.

But ſoon a loud and haſty ſummons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the wal
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and buſineſs, buſtle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by theſe ſcenes of woe,
With ſpeed that, entering, ſpeaks his haſte to

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and phyſic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who firſt inſults the victim whom he kills;
Whoſe murd'rous hand a drowſy bench protect,
And whoſe moſt tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the pariſh for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his ſapient ſneer;
In haſte he ſeeks the bed where miſery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, ſome habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he ruſhes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonſtrance vain;
He ceaſes now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely haſtens to the grave.

But ere his death ſome pious doubts ariſe,
Some ſimple fears which "bold bad" men deſpiſe;
Fain would he aſk the pariſh prieſt to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he ſends the murmuring nurſe, who calls
The holy ſtranger to theſe diſmal walls;
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "paſſing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no, a ſhepherd of a different ſtock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his ſunday's taſk
As much as God or man can fairly aſk;
The reſt he gives to love, and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feaſts the night;

None better ſkill'd the noiſy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide;
Sure in his ſhot, his game he ſeldom miſt,
And ſeldom fail'd to win his game at whiſt;
Then, while ſuch honours bloom around his head,
Shall he ſit ſadly by the ſick man's bed,
To raiſe the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel?

Up yonder hill, behold how ſadly ſlow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad pariſh pays the frugal fee;
No more, oh! Death, thy victim ſtarts to hear
Churchwarden ſtern, or kingly overſeer;
No more the farmer gets his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the beſt of tyrants thou!

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games ſuſpend,
To ſee the bier that bears their ancient friend;
For he was one in all their idle ſport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and ſtand
Silent and ſad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relicks of the pariſh poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight, and magniſies the ſound;

The

The buſy prieſt, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And waiting long, the crowd retire diſtreſt,
To think a poor man's bones ſhould lie unbleſt.

APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS.

FOR him, who, loſt to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal ſtrife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendleſs, homeleſs object of deſpair;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from ſad freedom ſend to ſadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Thoſe laſt of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with ſocial mercy, and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the firſt degree.

Perhaps on ſome inhoſpitable ſhore
The houſeleſs wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then, no more by golden proſpects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her ſoldier ſlain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye diſſolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the ſad preſage of his future years,
The child of miſery, baptiz'd in tears!

The INCURIOUS. A TALE.

A Virtuoſo had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree;
He had a ſervant much of *Æſop's* kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
Humpus, ſays he, I order that you find
Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
He, in this paper now I give you here,
Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.
Bring him to dinner. *Humpus* ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view,
At *Covent-Garden* dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air, and look profound.
Who ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, who is't will go any where?
Says *Humpus*, Sir, my maſter bad me pray
Your company to dine with him to-day.
He ſnuffs; then follows, up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And lolling eaſy does for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.

The

The maſter thus accoſts him, " Sir, you're wet
' Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet.
Thinks he, if I do ſpoil it, need I care?
ſee he has eleven more to ſpare.
Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
This is not very uſual thinks the clown,
But is not all the family his own?
And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake,
Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
What need I care, there is the more for me.
After a while the daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he'll command.
Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.
Young maſter next muſt riſe to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf to ſee the booby dine.
He does't. The father aſks, what have you there?
How dare you give a ſtranger vinegar?
Sir, 'twas *Champaigne* I gave him; Sir, indeed!
Take him and ſcourge him 'till the raſcal bleed;
Don't ſpare him for his tears nor age: I'll try
If cat and nine tails can excuſe a lye.
Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe:
But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
And how know I but't may be for his good?
When the deſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault,
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, pois'nous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.

Hump!

Humpus was aſk'd who made 'em. Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me."
I'll take care ſhe ſhall no more poiſon give,
I'll burn the witch; 'ti'n't fitting ſhe ſhould live;
Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
And pray, good Sir, may't pleaſe you to be by.
Then ſmiling, ſays the clown, upon my life,
A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife!
And ſince that really is your deſign,
Pray let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine.

The THREE WARNINGS. A TALE.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore ſaid, by ancient ſages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter ſtages,
When pains grow ſharp, and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confeſs, but few believe,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When ſports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobſon's wedding-day,
Death call'd aſide the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, 'You muſt,' ſays he,
'*Quit your* ſweet bride, and come with me.'—

'With

ith you! and quit my Sufan's ſide!
ith you!' the hapleſs huſband cry'd:
ung as I am! 'Tis monſtrous hard!
ſides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
y thoughts on other matters go,
iis is my wedding-night, you know.'
hat more he urg'd I have not heard,
reaſons could not well be ſtronger?
Death the poor delinquent ſpar'd,
left to live a little longer.
calling up a ſerious look,
hour-glaſs trembled while he ſpoke,
ighbour,' he ſaid, 'farewel; no more
all Death diſturb your mirthful hour:
nd farther, to avoid all blame
cruelty upon my name,
give you time for preparation,
id fit you for your future ſtation,
iree ſeveral Warnings you ſhall have,
fore you're ſummon'd to the grave:
illing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
t when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
theſe conditions both conſented,
parted perfectly contented.——
hat next the hero of our tale befel,
long he liv'd, how wiſe, how well,

How

How roundly he purſu'd his courſe,
And ſmoak'd his pipe, and ſtrok'd his horſe,
The willing muſe ſhall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He paſs'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along Life's duſty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſate,
Th' unwelcome meſſenger of Fate
Once more before him ſtood.
Half kill'd with anger and ſurprize,
'So ſoon return'd!' old Dobſon cries.
'So ſoon, d'ye call it!' Death replies:
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jeſt!
'Since I was here before
'Tis ſix-and-thirty years, at leaſt,
'And you are now fourſcore.
'So much the worſe,' the clown rejoin'd;
'To ſpare the aged would be kind:
'However, ſee your ſearch be legal;
'*And* your authority—is't regal?

'Elſe you are come on a fool's errand,
'With but a Secretary's warrant.
'Beſides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
'Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
'But for that loſs of time and eaſe,
'I can recover damages.'
'I know,' cries Death, 'that, at the beſt,
'I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt;
'But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt:
'I little thought you'd ſtill be able
'To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
'Your years have run to a great length;
'I wiſh you joy, tho', of your ſtrength!'
'Hold,' ſays the farmer, 'not ſo faſt,
'I have been lame theſe four years paſt.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you ſtill keep your eyes;
'And ſure, to ſee one's loves and friends,
'For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' ſays Dobſon, 'ſo it might,
'But latterly I've loſt my ſight.'
'This is a ſhocking ſtory, faith;
'Yet there's ſome comfort ſtill,' ſays Death:
'Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to amuſe;
'I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
'I'm grown ſo deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then!' the ſpectre ſtern rejoin'd,
'Theſe are unjuſtifiable yearnings;
'If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
'You've had your Three ſufficient Warnings.'

'So come along, no more we'll part:'
He ſaid, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobſon turning pale,
Yields to his fate—ſo ends my tale.

The PEASANT *and his* ASS.——A TALE.

AS on the road a peaſant drove his aſs,
He ſpy'd a meadow rich in graſs;
And tho' he had no right to do it,
He dar'd the pound, and turn'd the beaſt into it.
The jack-aſs charm'd at ſuch a treat,
With choice to crop, and time to eat,
Graz'd here and there the field all over;
Then pranc'd, and rear'd, and toſs't his head,
And in the thick on't made his bed,
Like one that's nurs'd in clover.
Amidſt this jubilee the foe appears;
The clown cries out, Haſte, haſte away!
At which our aſs prick'd up his ears,
And bray'd, No, friend, I chooſe to ſtay:
Will thoſe folks load a double pack
Upon my back?
Why, no:——then what is it to me,
If I belong to them or thee?
You may by flight your freedom ſave
If you diſdain to be a ſlave:
For me, it is no new diſaſter;
Nor do I know
The thing that I can call my foe,
Except my maſter.

THE

COTTER's SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Eſq;

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the Poor.

GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much reſpected friend,
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
With honeſt pride, I ſcorn each ſelfiſh end,
My deareſt meed, a friend's eſteem and praiſe:
To you I ſing, in ſimple Scottiſh lays,
The *lowly train* in life's ſequeſter'd ſcene;
The native feelings ſtrong, the guileleſs ways,
What A**** in a *Cottage* would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry ſugh;
The ſhort'ning winter-day is near a cloſe;
The miry beaſts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repoſe:

The toil-worn COTTER frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his *ſpades*, his *mattocks* and his *hoes*,
Hoping the *morn* in eaſe and reſt to ſpend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his courſe does hameward bend.

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
Beneath the ſhelter of an aged tree;
The expectant *wee-things*, toddlan, ſtacher through
To meet their *Dad*, wi' flichterin noiſe and glee.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,
His clean hearth-ſtane, his thrifty *Wifie's* ſmile,
The *liſping infant*, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary *kiaugh* and care beguile,
And makes him quite forgèt his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the *elder bairns* come drapping in,
At *Service* out, amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, ſome herd, ſome tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldeſt hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love ſparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to ſhew a braw new gown,
Or depoſit her ſair-won penny-fee,
To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hardſhip be.

With joy unfeign'd, *brothers* and *ſiſters* meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly ſpiers:
The ſocial hours, ſwift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he ſees or hears.
The *Parents* partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her ſheers,

Gar

Gars auld claes look amaiſt as weel's the new;
The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.
Their Maſter's and their Miſtreſs's command,
The *youngkers* a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' ſight, to jauk or play:
'And O! be ſure to fear the LORD alway!
'And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night!
'Leſt in temptation's path ye gang aſtray,
'Implore his *counſel* and aſſiſting *might*:
'They never ſought in vain that ſought the LORD
'aright.'
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the ſame,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do ſome errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother ſees the *conſcious flame*
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and fluſh her cheek,
With heart-ſtruck, anxious care inquires his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to ſpeak;
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worthleſs *Rake*.
With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben;
A *ſtrappan youth*; he takes the Mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* ſees the *viſit's* no ill taen;
The Father cracks of horſes, pleughs and kye.
The *Youngſter's* artleſs heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', ſcarce can weel behave;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can ſpy

What

What makes the *youth* ſae baſhfu' and ſae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* reſpected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliſs beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And ſage EXPERIENCE bids me this declare—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleaſure ſpare,
One *cordial* in this melancholy *Vale*,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, *modeſt* Pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that ſcents the ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! loſt to love and truth!
That can, with ſtudied, ſly, enſnaring art,
Betray ſweet Jenny's unſuſpecting youth?
Curſe on his perjur'd art! diſſembling ſmooth!
Are *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Conſcience*, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the *ruin'd Maid*, and *their* diſtraction wild!

But now the Supper crowns their ſimple board,
The healſome *Porritch*, chief of SCOTIA's food:
The ſoupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan ſnugly chows her cood:
The *Dame* brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's preſt, and aft he ca's it guid;

The

The frugal *Wife*, garrulous, will tell,
How 'was a towmond auld, ſin Lint was i' the bell.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' ſerious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his *Father's* pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aſide,
His *lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare;
Thoſe ſtrains that once did ſweet in ZION glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
'*And let us worſhip GOD!*' he ſays with ſolemn air.

They chant their artleſs notes in ſimple guiſe;
They tune their *hearts*, by far the nobleſt aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling meaſures riſe,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
The ſweeteſt far of SCOTIA's holy lays:
Compar'd with theſe, *Italian trills* are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raiſe;
Nae uniſon hae they, with our CREATOR's praiſe.

The prieſt-like Father reads the ſacred page,
How *Abram* was the Friend of GOD on high;
Or, *Moſes* bade eternal warfare wage,
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
Beneath the ſtroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Iſaiah's* wild, ſeraphic fire;
Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the ſacred lyre.

Perhaps

Perhaps the *Chriſtian Volume* is the theme,
How *guiltleſs blood* for *guilty man* was ſhed;
How HE, who bore in heaven the ſecond name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
How His firſt *followers* and *ſervants* ſped;
The *Precepts ſage* they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* baniſhed,
Saw in the ſun a mighty angel ſtand;
And heard great *Bab'lon*'s doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN's ETERNAL KING,
The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Huſband* prays:
Hope 'ſprings exulting on triumphant wing,'*
That *thus* they all ſhall meet in future days:
There, ever baſk in *uncreated rays*,
No more to ſigh, or ſhed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their CREATOR's praiſe,
In *ſuch ſociety*, yet ſtill more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal ſphere.

Compar'd with *this*, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of *method*, and of *art*,
When men diſplay to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*
The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will deſert,
The pompous ſtrain, the ſacredotal ſtole;
But haply, in ſome *Cottage* far apart.
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the *Soul*;
And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.

Then

* Pope's Windſor Foreſt.

Then homeward all take off their ſev'ral way;
The youngling *Cottagers* retire to reſt:
The Parent-pair their *ſecret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm requeſt,
That HE who ſtills the *raven's* clam'rous neſt,
And decks the *lily* fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way *His Wiſdom* ſees the beſt,
For *them* and for their *little ones* provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preſide
From ſcenes like theſe, old SCOTIA's grandeur ſprings,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honeſt man's the noble work of GOD:'
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Diſguiſing oft the *wretch* of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedneſs refin'd!
O SCOTIA! my dear, my native ſoil!
For whom my warmeſt wiſh to heaven is ſent!
Long may thy hardy ſons of *ruſtic toil*,
Be bleſt with health, and peace, and ſweet content!
And O may Heaven their ſimple lives prevent
From *Luxury's* contagion, weak and vile!
Then howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may riſe the while,
And ſtand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd ISLE.
O THOU! who pour'd the *Patriotic* tide,
That ſtream'd thro' great, unhappy WALLACE'S

Who dar'd to, nobly, ſtem tyrannic pride,
Or *nobly die*, the ſecond glorious part:
(The Patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art,
His *friend, inſpirer, guardian* and *reward!*)
O never, never SCOTIA's realm deſert,
But ſtill the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
In bright ſucceſſion raiſe, her *Ornament* and *Guard!*

TO

A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Neſt, with the Plough, November, 1785.

WEE, ſleeket, cowran, tim'rous *beaſtie*,
O, what a panic's in thy breaſtie!
Thou need na ſtart away ſae haſty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chaſe thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly ſorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's ſocial union,
An' juſtifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee ſtartle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may *thieve*;
What then; poor beaſtie, thou maun live!
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a ſma' requeſt:
I'll get a bleſſin wi' the lave,
An' never miſs't!

Thy wee-bit *houſie*, too, in ruin!
It's ſilly wa's the win's are ſtrewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak *December's winds* enſuin,
Baith ſnell an' keen!

Thou ſaw the fields laid bare an' waſt,
An' weary *Winter* comin faſt,
An' cozie here, beneath the blaſt,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till craſh! the cruel *coulter* paſt
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' ſtibble,
Has coſt thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But houſe or hald,
To thole the Winter's *ſleety dribble*,
An' *cranreuch* cauld!

But Mouſie, thou art no thy-lane,
In proving *foreſight* may be vain:
The beſt laid ſchemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
Gang aft agley,
An' *lea'e us nought* but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art bleſt, compar'd wi' *me!*
The *preſent* only toucheth thee:
But Och! I *backward* caſt my e'e,
On proſpects drear!
An' *forward*, tho' I canna *ſee*,
I *gueſs* an' *fear!*

TO A

MOUNTAIN-DAISY,

On turning one down, with the Plough, in April—1786.

WEE, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun cruſh amang the ſtoure
Thy ſlender ſtem:
To ſpare thee now is paſt my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor ſweet,
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'amang the dewy weet!
Wi's ſpreckl'd breaſt,
When upward-ſpringing, blythe, to greet
The purpling Eaſt.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting *North*
Upon thy early, humble birth;

Yet

Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the *Parent-earth*
Thy tender form.

The flaunting *flow'rs* our Gardens yield,
High-ſhelt'ring woods and wa's maun ſhield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or ſtane,
Adorns the hiſtie *ſtibble-field*,
Unſeen, alane.

There, in thy ſcanty mantle clad,
Thy ſnawie boſom ſun-ward ſpread,
Thou lifts thy unaſſuming head
In humble guiſe;
But now the *ſhare* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artleſs Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural ſhade!
By love's ſimplicity betray'd,
And guileleſs truſt,
Till ſhe, like thee, all ſoil'd, is laid
Low i' the duſt.

Such is the fate of ſimple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such *fate to ſuffering worth* is given,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriv'n,

By

By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry ſtay but HEAV'N,
He, ruin'd, ſink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the *Daiſy's* fate,
That fate is thine——no diſtant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-ſhare*, drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till cruſh'd beneath the *furrow's* weight,
Shall be thy doom!

The VICAR *of* WELLAND'S *Mounmental Inſcription wrote by himſelf.*

A Vicar I am, and a Pluraliſt too,
At Welland, the place of my birth;
But Vicars and Pluraliſts too, we all know,
Muſt one day return to the earth.

This ſtone will record that at Kempſey I lived,
Collecting my dues ev'ry Eaſter;
It will tell that moſt happily twice I was wiv'd
To a Hyde firſt, then to a Heſter.

Of the hour of his death no prieſt is aware,
Which accounts for ſome blanks in this page;
My virtues I leave to the world to declare;
To my heirs to inſert my juſt age.

When I proſtrate ſhall lie, what a pleaſure 'twill be
To know I ſhall meet either bride;
For tho' living they both were delightful to me,
I never had two by my ſide.

THE

SPORTSMAN:

OFT when I've ſeen the new-fledg'd morn ariſe,
And ſpread its pinions to the polar ſkies,
Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
Brace the ſlack nerves, and animate the man;
Swift from the college, and from cares I flew,
(For ſtudious cares ſolicits ſomething new)
From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,
And letter'd trophies of three thouſand years;
Thro'length'ning ſtreets with ſanguine hopes I glide,
The fatal tube depending at my ſide;
No buſy vender dins with clam'rous call,
No ratling carriage drive me to the wall;
The cloſe-compacted ſhops, their commerce laid,
In ſilence frown like manſions of the dead——
Save, where the ſooty-ſhrowded wretch cries 'ſweep,'
Or drowſy watchman ſtalks in broken ſleep,
'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
Whoſe mirth is miſchief, and whoſe glory ſhame—
Save, that from yonder ſtew the batter'd beau,
With tott'ring ſteps comes reeling to and fro—
Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
ſtare in his face, and ſtupify his ſight!

Mark

Mark the looſe frame, yet impotently bold,
'Twixt man and beaſt, divided empire hold!
Amphibious wretch! the prey of paſſion's tide,
The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent born
Seek the fair fields, and court the bluſhing morn
With ſturdy ſinews, bruſh the frozen ſnow,
While crimſon colours on our faces glow,
Since life is ſhort, prolong it while we can,
And vindicate the ways of health to man.

Onward our courſe diverſify'd we bend,
And right and left, with anxious care attend;
The poring ſpaniel, ſtudious as he goes,
Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows,
Sudden he ſtops!—he eyes the plaſhy ſpring!
The frighted ſnipe darts upward on the wing,
With ſhrill-ton'd pipe implores the paſſive air,
In vain! for death e'en perſecutes him there—
Another ſprings! but happier in his flight,
'Scapes the loud gun, and vaniſhes from ſight.

The ſport begun.
Heav'n! what delights my active mind renew,
When out-ſpread nature opens to my view,
The carpet-cover'd earth of ſpangled white,
The vaulted ſky, juſt ting'd with purple light;
The buſy blackbird hops from ſpray to ſpray,
The gull, ſelf-balanc'd, floats his liquid way;
The morning breeze in milder air retires,
And riſing rapture all my boſom fires.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
The wary woodcock ruſtles thro' the brakes,
With haſty pinions wings his rapid courſe,
'Till death purſues him, arm'd with double force;
Each gun diſcharg'd, and conſcious of its aim,
Aſſerts the prize, and holds the dubious claim;
'Till chance decides the long conteſted ſpoil,
Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckleſs fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled ſportſman beats with forward care,
Each buſh explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its ſide—
Another bird, juſt fluſhing at the ſound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah! what avails him now the varniſh'd die,
The tortoiſe-colour'd back, the brilliant eye,
The pointed bill, that ſteer'd his vent'rous way
From northern climes, and dar'd the boiſt'rous ſea;
To milder ſhores in vain theſe pinions ſped,
Their beauty blaſted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peaſant, ſtruggling with diſtreſs,
Whom rig'rous laws, and rigid hunger preſs,
In weſtern regions ſeeks a milder ſtate,
Braves the broad ocean, and reſigns to fate;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free ſubſiſtence, and retreats ſecure,
Sudden! he ſees the roving Indian nigh,
Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye—
Scar'd at *the fight*, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
'Till arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies,

Unhappy man! who no extreme could ſhun,
By tyrants baniſh'd, and by chance undone;
In vain! fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.

Theſe to prevent, be ſtill the ſtateſman's end
And this the taſk of ſovereigns to attend,
Be mine the care, to range this ample field,
Try what its ſprings, and what its thickets yiel
Purſue the game that to the ſkies aſpire,
And purge the Æther with ſucceſſive fire,
Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
And rouſe my friend that ling'ring ſtays behind
Guard the ſteep bank, to catch with eager pain
The forward bound, that ſcarce the margin gai
Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,
He backward ſlides, and bumps the crackling ic

And thou, dear ſpaniel! friend in other forn
Obſequious come, thy duty to perform,
Whoſe fond affection ever glows the ſame,
Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame
And thou, dear pointer! never devious ſtray,
But ſearch the plains inquiſitively gay,
With length'ned ſide, and ſapient noſe inhale
The floating vapour of the ſcented gale—
Oft have I ſeen thee, when the balanc'd year
By Libra weigh'd rewarded Ceres' care,
Thro' new-ſhorn fields with active vigour boun
Snuff the freſh air, and traverſe all the ground;
Or cautious tread, and ſtep by ſtep ſurvey,
With keeneſt attitude, the tim'rous prey;

Then ſtatue-like, with lifted foot proclaim
The patridge near, and certify the game——
Where ere I range, whatever ſports purſue,
Be ſtill attendant, and be ſtill in view.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the weſt,
Demands a thought for reſpite and for reſt,
Back to the city calls a ſudden eye,
Where vary'd beauties all in proſpect lie;
The pointed ſteeples menacing the ſkies,
The ſplendid domes that emulouſly riſe.

Theſe to behold, may pleaſe the vacant mind,
More pleaſing far the cottage of the hind,
That yonder ſmokes, by ruſſet hawthorn hedg'd,
By hay-yard back'd, and ſide-long cow-houſe edg'd;
Oft have I there my thirſt and toil allay'd,
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd;
The ſmiling matron joys to ſee her gueſts,
Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requeſts,
Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
The new-made butter, and the raſher rare,
The new-laid egg, that's dreſs'd with niceſt care;
The milky ſtore for cream collected firſt,
Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirſt;
While crackling faggots bright'ning as they burn;
Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn;
The plaintive hen, the interloping gooſe,
The lamkin dear, that friſks about the houſe——
The modeſt maiden riſes from her wheel,
Who unperceiv'd a ſilent look would ſteal;

Call'd ſhe attends, aſſiſts with artleſs grace,
The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
That ſcorns the die, which pallid pride can lei
And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
Lo! forward comes the father of his flock,
Of honeſt front:—ſalutes with ruſtick gait,
Remarks our fare, and boaſts his former ſtate,
When many a cow, nor long the time remov'
And many a calf his ſpacious paſture rov'd,
'Till riſing rents reduc'd them now to three,
Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we ſee:
Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wea
He ſeeks from labour, and he gains from heal
Then talks of ſport; how many wild-ducks ſee
What flocks of widgeons too had fledg'd the gre

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our
The haſty ev'ning calls us from the cot;
A ſmall gratuity dilates their heart,
And many a bleſſing follows as we part.
Nor you, ye proud! diſdain their ſtate to hea
The ſtate of nature crowns their frugal cheer
Tranſmitted pure from Patriarchal times,
By art unfaſhion'd to corruption's climes—
To you unknown their labours and their race,
Alike unknown their innocence and peace;
Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
Their lives calm current flows without a name

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gra
Mourn'd the departure of retiring day,

A darker hue the face of nature wears,
And ſcarce diſtinct the diſtant town appears—
Back to our mind, in ſwift ſucceſſion throng
(To cheat the time and ſteal the road along)
The various ſports of all the ſummer paſt,
When ling'ring long-vacation came at laſt;
Imagination fondly ſports to tell,
How many grouſe, how many partridge fell.

The riſing moon, with delegated ſway,
Supplies the radiance of the diſtant day,
Reveals the various objects that we meet,
And all the buſy tumults of the ſtreet——
With head-long pace the vagrant hawker ſcours,
And bloody news from lungs horrific pours
The dull, diſcordant ballad-notes annoy,
That mock the crowd, with love's fantaſtic joy;
The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp that ſhews,
Where pamper'd pride and indolence repoſe;
While cloſe behind, the ſhiv'ring female ſtrays,
Parted from virtue, innocence and eaſe——
She once the darling of her mother's arms,
Her father's pride, and bleſt with blooming charms,
Thro' all the village known for ſpotleſs fame,
Fair was her beauty, fairer ſtill her name;
'Till the ſly tempter urg'd inſiduous ſuit,
And lur'd her weakneſs to forbidden fruit;
There periſh'd grace, her guardian honor fled,
And ſad remembrance mourns each bleſſing—dead!
Expell'd the paradiſe of native ſway,
She *wanders now* to ev'ry vice a prey ——

A prey to yonder terror of the night,
(Avert, ye Gods! ſuch monſters from my ſight!)
The bully dire: whoſe front the furies ſwell,
And ſcars diſhoneſt mark the ſon of hell——
In vain! ſhe ſhrinks to ſhun his luckleſs pace,
Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face;

Heav'n! how unlike the pure, the tranquil ſcene,
Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign;
Where ſimple cheer diſclaims the cares of wealth,
And freſh'ning gales diffuſe the glow of health.

A Sketch of EDWIN, *from the* MINSTREL.

AND yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft ſeem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he headed not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one ſhort pipe of rudeſt minſtrelſy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though ſhy;
And now his look was moſt demurely ſad,
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours ſtar'd and ſigh'd, yet bleſs'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wiſe, and ſome believ'd him mad.

Th' exploit of ſtrength, dexterity, or ſpeed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart from cruel ſport eſtranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by ſling;
Theſe he deteſted, thoſe he ſcorn'd to wield:
He wiſh'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far leſs, or traitor of the field.
And ſure the ſylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

THE

THE

HISTORY of PORSENNA,

KING OF RUSSIA.

IN TWO BOOKS.

——————Arva, beata
Petamus arva divites et insulas.
HOR. Epod. 16.

BOOK I.

IN Russia's frozen clime, some ages since,
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Inlarg'd their trade, the lib'ral arts improv'd,
Made nations happy, and himself belov'd;
To all the neighb'ring states a terror grown,
The dear delight, and glory of his own.
Not like those kings who vainly seek renown
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
Call murder but a princely exercise,

And

And if one bloodleſs ſun ſhould ſteal away,
Cry out with Titus, they have loſt a day;
Who, to be more than men, themſelves debaſe
Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
Raiſing their titles by their God's diſgrace.
Like fame to bold Eroſtratus we give,
Who ſcorn'd by leſs than ſacrilege to live;
On holy ruins rais'd a laſting name,
And in the temple's fire diffus'd his ſhame.
Far diff'rent praiſes, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porſenna claim;
For by that name the Ruſſian king was known
And ſure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
In war he knew the deathful ſword to wield,
And ſought the thickeſt dangers of the field.
A bold commander; but, the ſtorm o'erblown,
He ſeem'd as he were made for peace alone;
Then was the golden age again reſtor'd,
Nor leſs his juſtice honour'd than his ſword.
All needleſs pomp and outward grandeur ſpar'd
The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard.
No private views beneath a borrow'd name;
His and the public int'reſt were the ſame.
In wealth and pleaſure let the ſubject live,
But virtue is the king's prerogative;
Porſenna there without a rival ſtood,
And wou'd maintain his right of doing good.
Nor did his perſon leſs attraction wear,
Such majeſty and ſweetneſs mingled there;
Heav'n with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
A *proper* manſion for ſo fair a mind;

Each look, each action bore peculiar grace,
And love itself was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
To rust in sloth, tho' much to peace inclin'd;
Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,
And lost to glory loiter'd life away;
But active rising ere the prime of day,
Thro' woods and lonely deserts lov'd to stray;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
Or rouze the tawny lion from his laire;
To rid the forest of the savage brood,
And whet his courage for his country's good.

One day as he pursu'd the dang'rous sport,
Attended by the nobles of his court,
It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed
Sprang from the brake, and thro' the desert fled.
The ardent Prince, impetuous as the wind,
Rush'd on, and left his lagging train behind.
Fir'd with the chase, and full of youthful blood,
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
Urging his courser's speed, nor thought the day
How wasted, nor how intricate the way;
Nor, till the night in dusky clouds came on,
Restrain'd his pace, or found himself alone.
Missing his train, he strove to measure back
The road he came, but could not find the track;
Still turning to the place he left before,
And only lab'ring to be lost the more.
The bugle-horn, which o'er his shoulders hung,
So loud he winded, that the forest rung;

In vain, no voice but echo from the ground,
And vocal woods, made mock'ry of the ſound.

And now the gath'ring clouds began to ſpread
O'er the dun face of night a deeper ſhade;
And the hoarſe thunder growling from afar,
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;
Silence a while enſu'd,——then by degrees
A hollow wind came mutt'ring thro' the trees.
Sudden the full-fraught ſky diſcharg'd its ſtore,
Of rain and rattling hail a mingled ſhow'r;
The active light'ning ran along the ground;
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
And the wide foreſts trembled at the ſound.
Amazement ſeiz'd the prince;—where could he fly?
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh,
Penſive and unreſolv'd a while he ſtood,
Beneath the ſcanty covert of the wood;
But, drove from thence, ſoon ſally'd forth again,
As chance directed on the dreary plain;
Conſtrain'd his melancholy way to take
Thro' many a loathſome bog and thorny brake,
Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
Wet with the ſtorm, and weary'd with the way,
By hunger pinch'd, himſelf to beaſts a prey;
Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,
Nor place to reſt, nor proſpect to return.
Drooping and ſpiritleſs, at life's deſpair
He bade it paſs, not worth his farther care;

When

When ſuddenly he ſpy'd a diſtant light,
That faintly twinkl'd thro' the gloom of night,
And his heart leap'd for joy, and bleſs'd the welcome ſight.
Oft-times he doubted, it appear'd ſo far,
And hung ſo high, 'twas nothing but a ſtar,
Or kindled vapour wand'ring thro' the ſky,
But ſtill preſs'd on his ſteed, ſtill kept it in his eye;
Till, much fatigue and many dangers paſt,
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at laſt.
There lighting from his horſe, on hands and knees
Grop'd out the darkſome road by ſlow degrees,
Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way;
The thunder rowls above, the flames around him play.
Joyful at length he gain'd the ſteepy height,
And found the rift whence ſprang the friendly light.
And here he ſtopp'd to reſt his wearied feet,
And weigh the perils he had ſtill to meet;
Unſheath'd his truſty ſword, and dealt his eyes
With caution round him, to prevent ſurpriſe,
Then ſummon'd all the forces of his mind,
And ent'ring boldly caſt his fears behind;
Reſolv'd to puſh his way whate'er withſtood,
Or periſh bravely as a monarch ſhou'd.

While he the wonders of the place ſurvey'd,
And thro' the various cells at random ſtray'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat that in the ſhape of woman ſtood;
But more deform'd than dreams can repreſent
The *midnight hag*, or poet's fancy paint

The Lapland witch, when ſhe her broom beſtride
And ſcatters ſtorms and tempeſts as ſhe rides.
She look'd as nature made her to diſgrace
Her kind, and caſt a blot on all the race;
Her ſhrivel'd ſkin, with yellow ſpots beſmear'd,
Like mouldy records ſeem'd; her eyes were blear'
Her feeble limbs with age and palſy ſhook;
Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
From the dark nook outcrept the filthy crone,
And propp'd upon her crutch came tott'ring on.

The prince in civil guiſe approach'd the dame,
Told her his piteous caſe, and whence he came,
And, till Aurora ſhou'd the ſhades expel,
Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the fiend began,
And as ſhe ſpake a deadly horror ran
Thro' all his frame; his cheeks the blood forſook
Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together ſtruck.
Whoe'er thou art, that with preſumption rude
Dar'ſt on our ſacred privacy intrude,
And without licence in our court appear,
Know, thou'rt the firſt that ever enter'd here.
But ſince thou plead'ſt excuſe, thou'rt hither brougl
More by thy fortune than thy own default;
Thy crime, tho' great, an eaſy pardon finds,
For mercy ever dwells in royal minds;
And wou'd you learn from whoſe indulgent han
You live, and in whoſe awful preſence ſtand,
Know farther, thro' yon wide-extended plains
Great Eolus the king of tempeſts reigns,

And in this lofty palace makes abode,
Well ſuited to his ſtate, and worthy of the god.
The various elements his empire own,
And pay their humble homage at his throne;
And hither all the ſtorms and clouds reſort,
Proud to increaſe the ſplendor of his court.
His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
Of winds aroſe, ſweet fruit of our embrace!
She ſcarce had ended, when, with wild uproar,
And horrid din, her ſons impetuous pour
Around the cave; came ruſhing in amain
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boiſt'rous train;
And cloſe behind them on a whirlwind rode
In clouded majeſty the bluſt'ring god.
Their locks a thouſand ways were blown about;
Their cheeks like full-blown bladders ſtrutted out;
Their boaſting talk was of the feats th' had done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
And, when they kindly turn'd them to accoſt
The prince, they almoſt pierc'd him with their froſt.

The gaping hag in fix'd attention ſtood,
And at the cloſe of ev'ry tale cried — Good!
Bleſſing with outſtretch'd arms each darling ſon,
In due proportion to the miſchief done.
And where, ſaid ſhe, does little Zephyr ſtray?
Know ye, my ſons, your brother's rout to-day?
In what bold deeds does he his hours employ;
Grant Heav'n no evil has befall'n my boy!
Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when at the cavern-door

Cam

Came lightly tripping in a form more fair
Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
When fir'd with love, he tries his utmoſt art
To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.

A ſatin veſt his ſlender ſhape confin'd,
Embroider'd o'er with flow'rs of ev'ry kind,
Flora's own work, when firſt the goddeſs ſtrove
To win the little wand'rer to her love.
Of burniſh'd ſilver were his ſandals made,
Silver his buſkins, and with gems o'erlaid;
A ſaffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
His wings than lilies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure ſpots, and ſtreak'd with gold;
So thin their form, and of ſo light a kind,
That they for ever danc'd, and flutter'd in the wind.
Around his temples with becoming air,
In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburne hair,
And o'er his ſhoulders negligently ſpread;
A wreath of fragrant roſes crown'd his head.

Such his attire; but O! no pen can trace,
No words can ſhew the beauties of his face;
So kind! ſo winning! ſo divinely fair!
Eternal youth and pleaſure flouriſh there;
There all the little loves and graces meet,
And ev'ry thing that's ſoft, and ev'ry thing that's ſweet.

Thou vagrant, cried the dame in angry tone,
Where could'ſt thou loiter thus ſo long alone?
Little thou car'ſt what anxious thoughts moleſt,
What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breaſt.

Well

lo you ſhow your duty by your haſte,
iou of all my ſons art always laſt:
ld leſs fondled would have fled more faſt.
'tis a curſe on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
ere beſt they love, the leaſt and worſt return.

ly dear mamma, the gentle youth replied,
d made a low obeiſance, ceaſe to chide,
r wound me with your words, for well you know,
our Zephyr bears a part in all your woe;
ow great muſt be his ſorrow then to learn,
hat he himſelf's the cauſe of your concern!
for had I loiter'd thus had I been free;
but the fair princeſs of Felicity
Entreated me to make ſome ſhort delay;
And, aſk'd by her, who cou'd refuſe to ſtay?

Surrounded by the damſels of her court,
She ſought the ſhady grove, her lov'd reſort;
Freſh roſe the graſs, the flow'rs were mix'd between,
Like rich embroid'ry on a ground of green,
And in the midſt, protected by the ſhade,
A cryſtal ſtream in wild meanders play'd;
While on its banks, the trembling leaves among,
A thouſand little birds in concert ſung,
Cloſe by a mount with fragrant ſhrubs o'ergrown,
On a cool moſſy couch ſhe laid her down;
Her air, her poſture, all conſpir'd to pleaſe;
Her head, upon her ſnowy arm at eaſe
Reclin'd, a ſtudied careleſſneſs expreſs'd;
Looſe lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breaſt.
Eager I flew to that delightful place,
And pour'd a ſhow'r of kiſſes on her face;

Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breaſt, her arms
Like bees o'er flow'rs, and taſted all their charm
And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,
And fann'd, and wanton'd round on ev'ry ſide.
O Zephyr, cried the fair, thou charming boy,
Thy preſence only can create me joy;
To me thou art beyond expreſſion dear,
Nor can I quit the place while thou art here.
Excuſe my weakneſs, Madam, when I ſwear
Such gentle words join'd with ſo ſoft an air,
Pronounc'd ſo ſweetly from a mouth ſo fair,
Quite raviſh'd all my ſenſe, nor did I know
How long I ſtaid, or when, or where to go.

Meanwhile the damſels, debonnair and gay,
Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
Theſe in ſoft notes addreſs'd the raviſh'd ear,
And warbled out ſo ſweet, 'twas heav'n to hear;
And thoſe in rings, beneath the greenwood ſhade
Danc'd to the melody their fellows made.
Some, ſtudious of themſelves, employ'd their care
In weaving flow'ry wreaths to deck their hair;
While others to ſome fav'rite plant convey'd
Refreſhing ſhow'rs, and cheer'd its drooping head
A joy ſo gen'ral ſpread thro' all the place,
Such ſatisfaction dwelt on ev'ry face,
The nymphs ſo kind, ſo lovely look'd the queen,
That never eye beheld a ſweeter ſcene.

Porſenna, like a ſtatue fix'd appear'd,
And wrapp'd in ſilent wonder gaz'd and heard;
Much he admir'd the ſpeech, the ſpeaker more,
And dwelt on ev'ry word, and griev'd to find it o'

O gentle youth, he cried, proceed to tell,
In what fair country does this princeſs dwell?
What regions unexplor'd, what hidden coaſt
Can ſo much goodneſs, ſo much beauty boaſt?

To whom the winged god with gracious look,
Numberleſs ſweets diffuſing while he ſpoke,
Thus anſwer'd kind—Theſe happy gardens lie
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder ſky;
Their name—the kingdom of Felicity.
Sweet ſcenes of endleſs bliſs, enchanted ground,
A ſoil for ever ſought, but ſeldom found;
Tho' in the ſearch all human kind in vain
Weary their wits, and waſte their lives in pain:
In diff'rent parties, diff'rent paths they tread,
As reaſon guides them, or as follies lead;
Theſe wrangling for the place they ne'er ſhall ſee,
Debating thoſe, if ſuch a place there be;
But not the wiſeſt, nor the beſt can ſay
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her ſport,
Have ſail'd in ſight of this delightful port;
In thought already ſeiz'd the bleſs'd abodes,
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
Fruitleſs attempt! all avenues are kept
By dreadful foes, ſentry that never ſlept.
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath,
Fraught with a thouſand ſtings, and ſcatters death;
Sharp-ſighted Envy there maintains her poſt,
And ſhakes her flaming brand, and ſtalks around the coaſt.
Theſe on the helpleſs bark their fury pour,
Plunge in the waves, or daſh againſt the ſhore;

Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mou
And ne'er muſt reſt but in the ſilent urn.

But ſay, young monarch, for what name you b
Your mein, your dreſs, your perſon, all declai
And tho' I ſeldom fan the frozen north,
Yet I have heard of brave Porſenna's worth;
My brother Boreas thro' the world has flown,
Swelling his breath to ſpread forth your renown
Say, would you chuſe to viſit this retreat,
And view the world where all theſe wonders mee
Wiſh you ſome friend o'er that tempeſtuous ſea
To bear you ſafe! behold that friend in me.
My active wings ſhall all their force employ,
And nimbly waft you to th' realms of joy;
As once to gratify the god of Love,
I bore fair Pſyche to the Cyprian grove,
Or as Jove's bird, deſcending from on high,
Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the ſky.
There perfect bliſs thou may'ſt for ever ſhare,
'Scap'd from the buſy world, and all its care;
There in the lovely princeſs ſhalt thou find
A miſtreſs ever blooming, ever kind.
All ecſtacy on fair Porſenna trod,
And to his boſom ſtrain'd the little god;
With grateful ſentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
And in the warmeſt words millions of thanks beſtow'

When Eolus in ſurly humour broke
Their ſtrict embrace, and thus abruptly ſpoke.
Enough of compliment; I hate the ſport
Of meanleſs words; this is no human court,

Wh

Where plain and honeſt are diſcarded quite
For the more modiſh title of *polite*,
Where in ſoft ſpeeches hypocrites impart
The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;
In friendſhip's holy guiſe their guilt improve,
And kindly kill with ſpecious ſhew of love.
For us——my ſubjects are not us'd to wait,
And waſte their hours to hear a mortal prate;
They muſt abroad before the riſing ſun,
And hie 'em to the ſeas; there's miſchief to be done.
Excuſe my plainneſs, Sir, but buſineſs ſtands,
And we have ſtorms and ſhipwrecks on our hands.

He ended frowning, and the noiſy rout,
Each to his ſeveral cell went puffing out,
But Zephyr, far more courteous than the reſt,
To his own bow'r convey'd the royal gueſt;
There on a bed of roſes neatly laid,
Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle ſhade,
His limbs to needful reſt the prince applied,
His ſweet companion ſlumb'ring by his ſide.

BOOK II.

NO ſooner in her ſilver chariot roſe
The ruddy morn, than fated with repoſe,
The prince addreſs'd his hoſt; the god awoke,
And, leaping from his couch, thus kindly ſpoke.
'This early *call, my* lord, that chides my ſtay,
Requires my thanks,- and I with joy obey.

Like you I long to reach the bliſsful coaſt,
Hate the ſlow night, and mourn the moment loſt.
The bright Roſinda, lovelieſt of the fair
That crowd the princeſs' court, demands my care;
Ev'n now, with fears and jealouſies o'erborne,
Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forſworn.
What ſweet rewards on all my toils attend,
Serving at once my miſtreſs and my friend;
Juſt to my love, and to my duty too,
Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleaſing you.
This ſaid, he led him to the cavern gate,
And claſp'd him in his arms, and pois'd his weight;
Then balancing his body here and there,
Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;
Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the ſky.
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;
There glide at eaſe along the liquid way;
Now lightly ſkim the plain with even flight;
Now proudly ſoar above the mountain's height.

Spiteful Detraction, whoſe envenom'd hate
Sports with the ſuff'rings of the good and great,
Spares not our prince, but with opprobrious ſneer
Arraigns him of the heinous ſin of fear;
That he, ſo tried in arms, whoſe very name
Infus'd a ſecret panic where it came,
Ev'n he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And ſpied the mountains leſs'ning to the view,
Naught round him but the wide-expanded air,
Helpleſs, abandon'd to a ſtripling's care,

Struck

Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confeſs'd ſome faint alarm, ſome little fright.

The friendly god, who inſtantly divin'd
The terrors that poſſeſs'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Deſcrib'd the nations that beneath them lay;
The name, the climate, and the ſoil's increaſe,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Shew'd their domeſtic arts, their foreign trade,
What int'reſt they purſu'd, what leagues they made.
The ſweet diſcourſe ſo charm'd Porſenna's ear,
That loſt in joy he had no time to fear.

From Scandinavia's cold inclement waſte,
O'er wide Germania's various realms they paſt,
And now on Albion's fields ſuſpend their toil,
And hover for a while, and bleſs the ſoil.
O'er the gay ſcene the Prince delighted hung,
And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
Till burſting forth at length: Behold, cried he,
The promis'd iſle, the land I long'd to ſee;
Thoſe plains, thoſe vales, and fruitful hills, declare
My queen, my charmer, muſt inhabit there.
Thus rav'd the monarch, and the gentle guide,
Eas'd with his error, thus in ſmiles replied.

I muſt applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;
'n I, who know th' original, am caught,
id doubt my ſenſes, when I view the draught.
e flow-aſcending hill, the lofty wood
at mantles o'er its brow, the ſilver flood
nd'ring in mazes thro' the flow'ry mead,
herd that in the plenteous paſtures feed,

And ev'ry object, ev'ry ſcene excites
Freſh wonder in my ſoul, and fills with new delig
Dwells cheerful Plenty there, and learned Eaſe
And Art with Nature ſeems at ſtrife to pleaſe.
There Liberty, delightful goddeſs, reigns,
Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plain
There firmly ſeated may ſhe ever ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bleſſings o'er her fav'rite iſle!
But ſee, the riſing ſun reproves our ſtay,
He ſaid, and to the ocean wing'd his way,
Stretching his courſe to climates then unknown
Nations that ſwelter in the burning zone;
There in Peruvian vales a moment ſtaid,
And ſmooth'd his wings beneath the citron ſha
Then ſwift his pinions plied again,
Croſs'd the new world, and ſought the ſouthern mai
Where many a wet and weary league o'erpaſt,
The wiſh'd for paradiſe appear'd at laſt.

With force abated now they gently ſweep
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the ſhining deep;
The dryads hail'd them from the diſtant ſhore,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons ſwam befo
While ſoft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thouſand ſweets.

Nor pale diſeaſe, nor health conſuming care,
Nor wrath, nor foul revenge can enter there;
No vapour's foggy gloom imbrowns the ſky;
No tempeſts rage, no angry light'nings fly;
But dews, and ſoft-refreſhing airs are found,
And pure ethereal azure ſhines around.

What

e'er the ſweet Sabæan ſoil can boaſt,
ecca's plains, or India's ſpicy coaſt;
Hybla's hills, or rich Oebalia's fields,
w'ry vale of fam'd Hymettus yields;
hat of old th' Heſperian orchard grac'd;
iat was e'er delicious to the taſte,
: to the ſmell, or lovely to the view,
ted there with added beauty grew.
tow'ring to the heav'ns the trees are ſeen,
bulk immenſe, their leaf for ever green;
ſely interwove, the tell-tale ſun
ie'er deſcry the deeds beneath them done,
vhere by fits the ſportive gales divide
tender tops, and fan the leaves aſide.
a ſmooth carpet at their feet lies ſpread
natted graſs, by bubbling fountains fed;
on each bough the feather'd choir employ
melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
ainted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume,
ruits are mingled with eternal bloom,
Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
on the merry months, and join to clothe the year.
, o'er the mountain's ſhaggy ſummit pour'd,
rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd,
e beauteous Iris in the vale below
s on the riſing fumes her radiant bow.
thro' the meads the mazy current ſtray'd,
hid its wand'rings in the myrtle ſhade;
i a thouſand veins divides its ſtore,
each plant, refreſhes ev'ry flow'r;

O'er

O'er gems and golden ſands in murmurs flows,
And ſweetly ſoothes the ſoul, and lulls to ſoft repoſe.

If hunger call, no ſooner can the mind
Expreſs her will to needful food inclin'd,
But in ſome cool receſs, or op'ning glade,
The ſeats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid,
And inſtantly convey'd by magic hand,
In comely rows the coſtly diſhes ſtand;
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
Prepar'd in all the niceſt forms of art.
A troop of ſprightly nymphs, array'd in green,
With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come ſcudding in;
With fragrant bloſſoms theſe adorn the feaſt,
Thoſe with officious zeal attend the gueſt;
Beneath his feet the ſilken carpet ſpread,
Or ſprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
Others in ruby cups with roſes bound
Delightful! deal the ſparkling nectar round;
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay;
The lyres reſound, the merry minſtrels play,
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erſpread the place,
And ſwell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So when embolden'd by the vernal air,
The buſy bees to blooming fields repair;
For various uſe employ their chymic pow'r;
One culls the ſnowy pounce, one ſucks the flow'r;
Again to diff'rent works returning home,
Some * ſteeve the honey, ſome erect the comb;
All for the gen'ral good in concert ſtrive,
And ev'ry ſoul's in motion, ev'ry limb's alive.

* Or ſtive, ſtipant.

And now deſcending from his flight, the god
)n the green turf releas'd his precious load;
'here, after mutual ſalutations paſt,
ınd endleſs friendſhip vow'd, they part in haſte;
ephyr impatient to behold his love,
'he prince in raptures wand'ring thro' the grove;
ow ſkipping on, and ſinging as he went,
ow ſtopping ſhort to give his tranſports vent;
Vith ſudden guſts of happineſs oppreſs'd,
ı ſtands entranc'd, or raves like one poſſeſs'd;
is mind afloat, his wand'ring ſenſes quite
'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;
rom ſcene to ſcene by random ſteps convey'd,
dmires the diſtant views, explores the ſecret ſhade,
wells on each ſpot, with eager eye devours
he woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bow'rs;
ew ſweets, new joys at ev'ry glance ariſe,
nd ev'ry turn creates a freſh ſurprize.
Cloſe by the borders of a riſing wood,
ı a green vale a cryſtal grotto ſtood;
nd o'er its ſide, beneath a beachen ſhade,
ı broken falls a ſilver fountain play'd.
ither, attracted by the murm'ring ſtream,
nd cool receſs, the pleas'd Porſenna came,
nd on the tender graſs reclining choſe
'o wave his joys a while, and take a ſhort repoſe.
he ſcene invites him, and the wanton breeze
hat whiſper thro' the vale, the dancing trees,
he warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
ll join their muſic to prolong his ſleep.

The princeſs for her morning walk prepar'd;
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard,
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair;
Tall was her ſtature, unconfin'd her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
Lay love inſhrin'd, lay ſweet attractive grace
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From ſhells and rocks her artleſs charms adorn;
For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
'Tis render'd more ſuſpected at the leaſt;
And foul defects, that would eſcape the ſight,
Start from the piece, and take a ſtronger light.
Her cheſnut hair in careleſs rings around
Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jes'mine crown'd,
And, gather'd in a ſilken cord behind,
Curl'd to the waiſt, and floated in the wind;
O'er theſe a veil of yellow gauze ſhe wore,
With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.
Her ſnowy neck half naked to the view
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung looſely o'er her ſlender ſhape, and try'd
To ſhade thoſe beauties that it could not hide.

The damſels of her train with mirth and ſon
Frolic behind, and laugh and ſport along.
The birds proclaim their queen from ev'ry tre
The beaſts run friſking thro' the groves to ſee
The Loves, the Pleaſures, and the Graces m
In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.

By whate'er fancy led, it chanc'd that day
They thro' the ſecret valley took their way,
And to the cryſtal grot advancing, ſpy'd
The Prince extended by the fountain's ſide.

He look'd as, by ſome ſkilful hand expreſs'd,
Apollo's youthful form retir'd to reſt;
When with the chace fatigu'd he quits the wood
For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;
There ſleeps ſecure, his careleſs limbs diſplay'd
At eaſe, encircl'd by the laurel ſhade;
Beneath his head his ſheaf of arrows lie,
His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
The ſlumb'ring Prince might boaſt an equal grace,
So turn'd his limbs, ſo beautiful his face.

Waking, he ſtarted from the ground in haſte,
And ſaw the beauteous choir around him plac'd;
Then, ſummoning his ſenſes, ran to meet
The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
Deign, lovely Princeſs, to behold, ſaid he,
One, who has travers'd all the world to ſee
Thoſe charms, and worſhip thy divinity:
Accept thy ſlave, and with a gracious ſmile
Excuſe his raſhneſs, and reward his toil.
Stood motionleſs the fair with mute ſurpriſe,
And read him over with admiring eyes;
And while ſhe ſtedfaſt gaz'd, a pleaſing ſmart
Ran thrilling thro' her veins, and reach'd her heart.
Each limb ſhe ſcann'd, conſider'd ev'ry grace,
And ſagely *judg'd* him of the Phœnix race.
An animal like this, ſhe ne'er had known,
And thence concluded there could be but one;

The creature too had all the Phœnix air;
None but the Phœnix could appear ſo fair.
The more ſhe look'd, the more ſhe thought it true,
And call'd him by that name, to ſhow ſhe knew.

O handſome Phœnix, for that ſuch you are
We know; your beauty does your breed declare;
And I with ſorrow own, thro' all my coaſt
No other bird can ſuch perfection boaſt;
For nature form'd you ſingle and alone:
Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!
Were there a queen ſo fortunate to ſhew
An aviary of charming birds like you,
What envy wou'd her happineſs create
In all who ſaw the glories of her ſtate!

The Prince laugh'd inwardly, ſurpriz'd to find
So ſtrange a ſpeech, ſo innocent a mind.
The compliment indeed did ſome offence
To reaſon, and a little wrong'd her ſenſe;
He could not let it paſs, but told his name,
And what he was, and whence, and why he came;
And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention, and for her to learn;
And ſhe 'ad a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach
To comprehend whatever he could teach.
Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,
Pleas'd and inſtructed with each other's talk.

Here, ſhould I tell the furniture's expence,
And all the ſtructure's vaſt magnificence,
Deſcribe the walls of ſhining ſaphire made,
With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,

And how the vaulted canopies unfold
A mimic heav'n, and flame with gems and gold;
Or how Felicity regales her gueſt,
The wit, the mirth, the muſic, and the feaſt;
And on each part beſtow the praiſes due,
'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.
My am'rous tale a ſofter path purſues:
Love and the happy pair demand my Muſe.
O could her art in equal terms expreſs
The lives they lead, the pleaſures they poſſeſs!
Fortune had ne'er ſo plenteouſly before
Beſtow'd her gifts, nor can ſhe laviſh more.
'Tis heav'n itſelf, 'tis extaſy of bliſs,
Uninterrupted joy, untir'd exceſs;
Mirth foll'wing mirth, the moments dance away;
Love claims the night, and friendſhip rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indiff'rence knows;
No jealouſies diſturb their ſweet repoſe;
No ſickneſs, no decay; but youthful grace,
And conſtant beauty ſhines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
Flow'rs of a day that do but bloom and fade;
Far diff'rent here, on them it only blows
The lily's white, and ſpreads the bluſhing roſe;
No conqueſt o'er thoſe radiant eyes can boaſt;
They, like the ſtars, ſhine brighter in its froſt;
Nor fear its rigour, nor its rule obey;
All ſeaſons are the ſame, and ev'ry month is May.

Alas! how vain is happineſs below!
Man, ſoon or late, muſt have his ſhare of woe;
Sligh

Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind;
His griefs wound home, and leave a ſting behind.
His lot diſtinguiſh'd from the brute appears
Leſs certain by his laughter than his tears;
For ignorance too oft our pleaſure breeds,
But ſorrow from the reas'ning ſoul proceeds.

If man on earth in endleſs bliſs could be,
The boon, young Prince, had been beſtow'd on thee.
Bright ſhone thy ſtars, thy fortune flouriſh'd fair,
And ſeem'd ſecure beyond the reach of care,
And ſo might ſtill have been,, but anxious thought
Has daſh'd thy cup, and thou muſt taſte the draught.

It ſo befel, as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He aſk'd how many charming hours were flown,
Since on her ſlave her heav'n of beauty ſhone.
Should I conſult my heart, cry'd he, the rate
Were ſmall, a week would be the utmoſt date:
But when my mind reflects on actions paſt,
And counts its joys, time muſt have fled more faſt.
Perhaps I might have ſaid, three months are gone.
Three months! reply'd the fair, three months alone!
Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,
Since at my feet the lovely Phœnix lay.
Three hundred years! re-echo'd back the Prince,
A whole three hundred years completed ſince
I landed here! O! whither then are flown
My deareſt friends, my ſubjects, and my throne?
How ſtrange, alas! how alter'd ſhall I find
Each earthly thing, each ſcene I left behind!

Who

Who knows me now? on whom ſhall I depend
To gain my rights? where ſhall I find a friend?
My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line,
A race of kings that know not me nor mine;
Who reigns may wiſh my death, his ſubjects treat
My claim with ſcorn, and call their prince a cheat.
Oh had my life been ended as begun!
My deſtin'd ſtage, my race of glory run,
I ſhould have dy'd well pleas'd; my honour'd name
Had liv'd, had flouriſh'd in the liſt of fame;
Reflecting now my mind with horror ſees
The ſad ſurvey, a ſcene of ſhameful eaſe,
The odious blot, the ſcandal of my race,
Scarce known, and only mention'd with diſgrace.

The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And, red with anger, made this warm reply;
Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
My love deſerves? and can you thus with ſcorn
Reject what once you priz'd, what once you ſwore
Surpaſs'd all charms, and made ev'n glory poor?
What gifts have I beſtow'd, what favours ſhown!
Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
Three centuries preſerv'd in youthful prime,
Safe from the rage of death, and injuries of time.
Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
The feeble ties of gratitude and love;
Urge them not, nor would requeſt your ſtay;
The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
All other virtues are regardleſs quite,
Sunk and abſorb'd in that ſuperior light.

Go then, barbarian, to thy realms return,
And ſhew thyſelf unworthy my concern;
Go, tell the world your tender heart could give
Death to the Princeſs by whoſe care you live.

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erſpread,
Cold trembling ſeiz'd her limbs, her ſpirits fled;
She ſunk into his arms: the Prince was mov'd,
Felt all her griefs, for ſtill he greatly lov'd,
He ſigh'd, he wiſh'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory ſhot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart;
He cou'd not hide its wounds, but pin'd away
Like a ſick flow'r, and languiſh'd in decay.
An age no longer like a month appears,
But ev'ry month becomes a hundred years.

Felicity was griev'd, and could not bear
A ſcene ſo chang'd, a ſight of ſo much care.
She told him, with a look of cold diſdain,
And ſeeming eaſe, as women well can feign,
He might depart at will; a milder air
Wou'd mend his health; he was no pris'ner there;
She kept him not, and wiſh'd he ne'er might find
Cauſe to regret the place he left behind;
Which once he lov'd, and where he ſtill muſt own,
He had at leaſt ſome little pleaſure known.

If theſe prophetic words a while deſtroy
His peace, the former balance it in joy.
He thank'd her for her kind concern, but choſe
To quit the place, the reſt let heav'n diſpoſe.

T

For Fate, on miſchiefs bent, perverts the will,
And firſt infatuates whom it means to kill.
Aurora now, not as ſhe wont to riſe,
In gay attire ting'd with a thouſand dyes,
But ſober-ſad in ſolemn ſtate appears,
Clad in a duſky vale bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot ſprea
A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
The ſick'ning ſun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and ſtruggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning ſkies fortetel,
Porſenna roſe to take his laſt farewel.
A curious veſt the mournful Princeſs brought,
And armour by the Lemnian artiſt wrought;
A ſhining lance with ſecret virtue ſtor'd,
And of reſiſtleſs force a magic ſword;
Capariſons and gems of wond'rous price,
And loaded him with gifts and good advice;
But chief ſhe gave, and what he moſt would nee
The fleeteſt of her ſtud, a flying ſteed.
The ſwift Grifippo, ſaid th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courſer's name) with ſpeed ſhall bear
And place you ſafely in your native air;
Aſſiſt againſt the foe with matchleſs might,
Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight;
With care protect you till the danger ceaſe,
Your truſt in war, your ornament in peace.
But this I warn, beware; whate'er ſhall lay
To intercept your courſe, or tempt your ſtay,
Quit not your ſaddle, nor your ſpeed abate,
Till ſafely landed at your palace gate.

On this alone depends your weal or woe;
Such is the will of Fate, and ſo the gods fore
He in the ſofteſt terms repaid her love,
And vow'd, nor age nor abſence ſhould rem
His conſtant faith, and ſure ſhe cou'd not bla
A ſhort divorce, due to his injur'd fame.
The debt diſcharg'd, then ſhould her ſoldier
Gay from the field, and fluſh'd with conqueſt,
With equal ardor her affection meet,
And lay his laurels at his miſtreſs' feet.
He ceas'd, and ſighing took a kind adieu;
Then urg'd his ſteed; the fierce Griſippo fle
With rapid force outſtripp'd the lagging win
And left the bliſsful ſhores, and weeping fair b
Now o'er the ſeas purſu'd his airy flight,
Now ſcour'd the plains, and climb'd the mou

Thus driving on at ſpeed the Prince had
Ne'er half his courſe, when, with the ſettin
As thro' a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
With rocks and buſhes fenc'd on either ſid
He ſpy'd a waggon full of wings. that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd acroſs the narrow wa
The helpleſs driver on the dirty road
Lay ſtruggling, cruſh'd beneath th' incumb
Never in human ſhape was ſeen before
A wight ſo pale, ſo feeble, and ſo poor.
Compariſons of age would do him wron
For Neſtor's ſelf, if plac'd by him, were
His limbs were naked all, and worn ſo
The bones ſeem'd ſtarting thro' the parch

s half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak,
as his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.
conſcious ſteed ſtopp'd ſhort in deadly fright,
ick recoiling, ſtretch'd his wings for flight.
thus the wretch, with ſupplicating tone
ueful face, began his piteous moan,
as he ſpake, the tears ran trickling down.
tle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
oul to gen'rous deeds, if e'er thy mind
ouch'd with ſoft diſtreſs, extend thy care
ve an old man's life, and eaſe the load I bear.
ay propitious heav'n your journey ſpeed,
ng your days, and all your vows ſucceed.
ov'd with the pray'r the kind Porſenna ſtaid,
nobly minded to refuſe his aid,
prudence yielding to ſuperior grief,
'd from his ſteed, and ran to his relief;
ov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,
choak'd and gaſping on the verge of death.
reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
grizle ſpectre vaulting from the ground,
d him with ſudden gripe, th' aſtoniſh'd Prince,
l horror-ſtruck, and thoughtleſs of defence.
King of Ruſſia, with a thund'ring ſound
w'd the ghaſtly fiend, at length thou'rt found
ive the ruler of mankind, and know,
ame is Time, thy ever dreaded foe.
e feet are founder'd, and the wings you ſee
n to the pinions in purſuit of thee;
' *all the* world in vain for ages ſought,
ate *has* doom'd thee now, and thou art caught

en round his neck his arms he nimbly caſt,
ıd ſeiz'd him by the throat, and graſp'd him faſt;
ıll forc'd at length the ſoul forſook its ſeat,
nd the pale breathleſs corſe fell bleeding at his feet.
Scarce had the curſed ſpoiler left his prey,
When ſo it chanc'd young Zephyr paſs'd that way;
Too late his preſence to aſſiſt his friend,
A ſad but helpleſs witneſs of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and ſtrives in vain to cure
His ſtreaming wounds; the work was done too ſure.
Now lightly with a ſoft embrace uprears
The lifeleſs load, and bathes it in his tears;
Then to the bliſsful ſeats with ſpeed conveys,
And graceful on the moſſy carpet lays
With decent care, cloſe by the fountain's ſide,
Where firſt the Princeſs had her Phœnix ſpy'd.
There with ſweet flow'rs his lovely limbs he ſtrew'd,
And gave a parting kiſs, and ſighs and tears beſtow'd
To that ſad ſolitude the weeping dame,
Wild with her loſs, and ſwoln with ſorrow came
There was ſhe wont to vent her griefs, and mour
Thoſe dear delights that muſt no more return.
Thither that morn with more than uſual care
She ſped, but O what joy to find him there!
As juſt arriv'd, and weary with the way,
Retir'd to ſoft repoſe, her hero lay.
Now near approaching ſhe began to creep,
With careful ſteps, loth to diſturb his ſleep;
'Till quite o'ercome with tenderneſs ſhe flew,
And round his neck her arms in tranſport th

But, when ſhe found him dead, no tongue can tell
The pangs ſhe felt; ſhe ſhriek'd, and ſwooning fell.
Waking, with loud laments ſhe pierc'd the ſkies,
And fill'd th' affrighted foreſt with her cries.
That fatal hour the palace gates ſhe barr'd,
And fix'd around the coaſt a ſtronger guard;
Now rare appearing, and at diſtance ſeen,
With crouds of black misfortune plac'd between;
Miſchiefs of ev'ry kind, corroding care,
And fears, and jealouſies, and dark deſpair.
And ſince that day (the wretched world muſt own
Theſe mournful truths, by ſad experience known)
No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
And ev'ry thing on earth ſubmits to Time.

THE CURATE.——A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp fed but with little oil,
The curate ſat (for ſcanty was his hire)
And ruminated ſad the morrows toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet ſeaſon to prepare
The ſtated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of reſte to him but day of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him ſprede his various ſermons lay,
Of explanation deepe and ſage advice,
The harveſt gain'd from many a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge bought with heavy price.

O

On theſe he caſt a fond but fearful eye:
A while he paus'd for ſorrow ſtopp'd his throte;
Arriv'd at length he heav'd a bitter ſighe
And thus complain'd, as well indeed he mote.

" Here is the ſcholar's lot, condemn'd to ſail
Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempeſtuous wave,
Clouds blind his ſighte, nor blows a friendly gale
To waft him to one port, except the grave.

" Big with preſumptive hope I launch'd my keele,
With youthful ardour and bright ſcience fraught,
Unanxious of the pain long doom'd to feel,
Unthinking that the voyage might end in nought.

" Pleas'd on the ſummit ſea I danc'd a while
With gay companions, and with views as fair,
Outſtript by theſe I'm kept to humble toil,
My fondeſt hopes abandon'd in deſpair.

" Had my ambitious mind been led to riſe
To higheſt flights, to crozier and to pall,
Scarce could I mourn the miſſinge of my prize
For ſoaring wiſhes well deſerve their fall.

" No tow'ring thoughts like theſe engag'd my breaſt,
I hop'd (nor blame ye proud, the lowly plan)
Some little cove, ſome parſonage of reſt
The ſcheme of duty ſuited to the man:

" Where in my narrow ſphere, ſecure at eaſe,
From vile dependence free I might remain,
The guide to good, the counſellor of peace,
The friend, the ſhepherd of the village ſwain.

" *Yet cruel* fate denied the ſmall requeſt,
And bound me faſt in one ill omen'd hour,

Beyor

Beyond the chance of remedy, to reſt
The ſlave of wealthie pride and prieſtly power.
" Oft as in ruſſet weeds I ſcour along
In diſtant chapels haſtilie to pray,
By nod ſcarce notic'd of the paſſing thronge,
' 'Tis but the curate', every child will ſay.
" Nor circumſcrib'd indignity alone
Do I my rich ſuperior's vaſſal ride;
Sad penury as was in cottage known
With all its frowns does o'er my roof preſide.
" Ah! not for me the harveſt yields its ſtore,
The bough crown'd ſhock in vain attracts mine eye,
To labour doom'd and deſtin'd to be poor,
I paſs the field, I hope not envious by.
" When at the altar ſurplice clad I ſtand,
The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee,
The gift I take, but dare not cloſe my hand,
The ſplendid preſent centers not in me."

A PROLOGUE,

Suppoſed to be written by Mr WARTON, *and lately ſpoke at the* WINCHESTER THEATRE, *which ſtands over the city Shambles.*

WHOE'ER our houſe examines muſt excuſe
The wond'rous ſhifts of the dramatic muſe:
Then kindly liſten, while the Prologue rambles
From wit to beef—from Shakeſpeare to the ſhambles!
Divided only by one flight of ſtairs,
The monarch ſwaggers, and the butcher ſwears!

Quic

Quick the tranſition, when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans—to mutton chops!
While for Lotharia's loſs, Caliſta cries,
Old women ſcold, and dealers *damn your eyes!*
Here, Juliet liſtens to the gentle lark;
There, in harſh chorus, hungry bull dogs bark.
Cleavers and ſcymiters give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and ſheep below.
While tragic thunders ſhake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the ſtaggering ox,
Cows-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones;
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones;
Suet and ſighs, blank verſe and blood abound;
And form a tragi-comedy around:
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain;
Confuſion reigns——*Chaos is come again!*
Hither your ſteel-yards, butchers bring, to weigh
The pound of fleſh Antonia's bond muſt pay!
Hither your knives, ye butchers clad in blue,
Bring, to be whetted by the cruel Jew!

How hard our lot, who ſeldom doom'd to eat,
Caſt a ſheep's eye on this forbidden treat;
Gaze on ſirloins, which ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midſt of legs of mutton ſtarve!
But would ye to our houſe in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we ſhould not fear,
Nor pine for a repaſt that is ſo near.
Monarchs no more would ſupperleſs remain!
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

D U N C A N.

A FRAGMENT.

SAW ye the Thane o'meikle pride,
Red anger in his eye?
I ſaw him not, nor care, he cry'd;
Red anger frights na' me.

For I have ſtuid whar Honour bade,
Tho' Death trod on his heel:
Mean is the creſt that ſtoops to fear;
Nae ſic may Duncan feel.

Hark! Hark! or was it but the wind
That thro' the ha' did ſing?
Hark! Hark! agen: a warlike ſhout
The black woods round do ring.

Tis na' for nought, bald Duncan cry'd,
Sic ſhouting's on the wind:
Syne up he ſtarted frae his ſeat,
A thrang o' ſpears behind.

Haſte, haſte, my valiant hearts, he ſaid,
Anes mair to follow me;
We'll meet yon ſhouters by the burn;
I gueſs wha they may be.

But wha is he that ſpeeds ſae faſt,
Frae the ſlaw-marching thrang?
ae frae the mirk cloud ſhoots a beam,
The ſky's blue face alang.

Some meſſenger it is, mayhap;
Then not of peace, I trow;
" My Maſter, Duncan, bade me rin,
" And ſay theſe words to you.

" Reſtore agen that bluiming roſe,
" Your rude hand pluckt awa':
" Reſtore agen his Mary fair,
" Or you ſhall rue the fa'."

Three ſtrides the gallant Duncan tuik,
And ſhuik his forward ſpear:
" Gae tell thy maſter, beardleſs youth,
" We are na' wont to fear.

" He comes na' on a waſſel rout
" Of revel, ſport, and play;
" Our ſwords gart Fame proclaim us men
" Lang ere this ruefu' day.

" The roſe I pluckt, of right is mine;
" Our hearts together grew,
" Like twa ſweet roſes on ae ſta'k:
" Frae hate to love ſhe flew."

Swift as a winged ſhaft he ſped:
" Bald Duncan ſaid, in jeer,
" Gae tell thy maſter, beardleſs youth,
" We are na' wont to fear.

" He comes na' on a waſſel rout,
" Of revel, ſport, and play;
" Our ſwords gart Fame proclaim us men
" Lang ere this ruefu' day.

" The roſe I pluckt, of right is mine;
" Our hearts together grew.

"

" Like twa ſweet roſes on ae ſta'k:
" Frae hate to love ſhe flew."
He ſtampt his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did ſay:
" God ſtrik my ſaul if frae this field
" We baith in life ſhall gae."
He wav'd his hand; the pipes they play'd,
The targets clatter'd round,
And now between the meeting faes
Was little ſpace of ground.
But wha is ſhe that rins fae faſt?
Her feet nae ſtap they find,
Sae ſwiftly rides the milky cloud
Upon the ſimmer's wind.
Her face, a mantle ſcreen'd afore,
She ſhow'd of lily hue:
Sae frae the gray miſt breaks the ſun
To drink the morning-dew.
" Alake, my friends! what fight is this?
" Oh, ſtap your rage," ſhe cry'd:
" Whar love with honey'd lip ſhould be,
" Mak not a breach ſae wide.
" Can then my uncle draw his ſword,
" My huſband's breaſt to bleid?
" Or can my ſweet lord do to him
" Sic foul and ruthleſs deid?
" Bethink ye, uncle, of the time
" My gray-hair'd father died:
" Frae whar your ſhrill horn ſhuik the wood
" He ſent for you wi' ſpeed:

" My brother, guard my bairn, he ſaid;
" She has nae father ſoon:
" Regard her, Donald, as your ain:
" I'll aſk nae ither boon.

" Would then my uncle force my love,
" Whar love it cou'd na' be,
" Or wed me to the man I hate?
" Was this his care of me?

" Can theſe brave men, who but of late,
" Together chas'd the deer,
" Againſt their comrades bend their bows,
" In bluidy hunting here?"

She ſpake, while trickling ran the tears
Her bluſhing cheek alang:
And ſilence, like a heavy cloud,
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne ſtapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,
Threeſcore his years and three;
Yet a' the ſtrength of ſtrongeſt youth
In ſic an eild had he.

Nae pity was there in his breaſt;
For war alane he lo'ed;
His gray een ſparkled at the ſight
Of plunder, death and bluid.

" What! ſhall our hearts of ſteel," he ſaid,
" Bend to a woman's ſang?
" Or can her words our honour quit
" For ſic diſhoneſt wrang?

" *For this* did a' theſe warriors come,
" *To hear* an idle tale;

" "

" And o'er our death-accuſtom'd arms
" Shall ſilly tears prevail?
They gied a ſhout, their bows they tuik,
They claſh'd their ſteely ſwords,
Like the loud waves of Bara's ſhore:
There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied:
" O uncle! hear my prayer:
" Heed na' that man of bluidy look"—
She had nae time for mair.

For in the midſt anon there came
A blind, unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae off her Duncan's targe,
And ſtrack her to the heart.

A while ſhe ſtagger'd, ſyne ſhe fell,
And Duncan ſee'd her fa':
Aſtound he ſtood; for in his limbs
There was nae power at a'.

The ſpear he meant at faes to fling,
Stood fix'd within his hand:
His lips, half open, cou'd na' ſpeak:
His life was at a ſtand.

Sae the black ſtump of ſome auld aik,
With arms in triumph dight,
Seems to the traveller like a man,
* * * * * * * * * * *
— — — —

THE

Cætera deſunt.

THE COBLER.

WHY ſhould the muſe in high ambitious verſe
Sing the ſtern warrior, and the bloody plain?
Why not the praiſe of induſtry rehearſe,
Its heart-felt pleaſure, and laborious pain?
In a ſmall corner of yon narrow lane
An humble habitation may you ſee;
Its lonely window boaſts no chryſtal pane:
O free from taxes may it ever be! [ſee.
Aſk you who dwells within? why then ſtep in and

There lives a lowly wight, unknown to fame,
Of doubtleſs merit he, howe'er obſcure;
That artiſt fly, whom we a Cobler name,
For ever chearful, and for ever poor.
Far from the precincts of his peaceful door
Vexatious riches fly, and waſting ſorrow;
To-day is his; that he enjoys ſecure;
And to the care of heaven commits to-morrow:
Nor aught has he to lend, nor aught can think to borrow.

He with the dawning of the early morn,
What time the loud-pip'd cock unceaſing crows,
Briſk as the hunter at the ſounding horn,
Starts up in haſte, and to his cell he goes:
Mid the keen piercing air his viſage glows.
Is there no brandy then at my command?
Ah! ſpare, ye biting froſts, his helpleſs toes;
Nor mar the uſeful labours of his hand,
Elſe muſt my naked feet unwilling print the ſand.

W

He rubs his hands a while, and down he ſits;
The thread is twin'd; the wax along it flies;
Then to the laſt the patient ſhoe he fits,
And the ſharp awl right cunningly he plies.
Meanwhile he liſtens to the tuneful cries
Of ſalt, of cabbage, or of fiſh to ſell;
Or elſe ſome merry ſong doth he deviſe,
Which ſtories quaint of ancient times doth tell;
Or whiſtles as he works, pleas'd and contented well.

Ye reſtles imps, that run about the ſtreet,
Run without fear; 'tis needleſs to give o'er:
Miſs to the fire may freely ſet her feet;
Mother may ſcold; and what can ſhe do more?
Whate'er is loſt, the cobler can reſtore;
Be it a heel, or ſhould a ſeam be ſlit,
Or ſhould a hole, burnt out, appear before,
There is an art which even that hole can fit:
Cobling's that worthy art: I ſing the praiſe of it.

'Tis night; I ſee his dimly-glimm'ring lamp;
Like a faint ſtar which through the fog doth ſhine,
Its ſickly flames oppreſs'd with vapours damp,
Its beams ſcarce reaching this abode of mine:
By it he ſits, nor yet doth he repine——
What doſt thou mean, thou raſh miſchievous boy?
Lay down that ſtone; that wicked wit of thine,
Be gone with ſpeed, and ſomewhere elſe employ:
Let honeſt induſtry in peace itſelf enjoy.

But now the labour of the day is done;
Nor without half-pence is his leathern purſe.
O *ſweet* reward of toil! how fairly won!
However little, got without a curſe.

So home he hies him, freely to diſburſe
The earnings of the day in ale ſo brown;
He thanks kind heaven that made his lot no wor
Then takes his drink, and lays him ſoftly down
Nor wants a loving wife, his honeſt joys to cro

ORTHODOX ADVICE.

QUOTH John to his teacher, good Sir, if
pleaſe,
I wou'd beg your advice in a difficult caſe;
'Tis a weighty concern, that may hold one for life
'Tis, in ſhort, the old ſtory of taking a wife. [ma
There's a pair of young damſels I'm proffer'd
And whether to chuſe puts me in a quandary:
Alike they're in age, family, fortune, and featu
Only one has more grace, and the other good-natu

As for that, ſays the teacher, good-nature and lo
And ſweetneſs of temper, are gifts from above;
And, as coming from thence, we ſhould give
their due;
Grace is a ſuperior bleſſing, 'tis true.

Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent ſerment,
Wherein all along you gave grace the preferme
I'll never forget it; as how you were telling,
That heaven reſided where grace had its dwelli

Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true: But, al
What heaven can do is quite out of the caſe;
For, by day and by night, with the woman you w
'Tis you that muſt board, and 'tis you that muſt b
And a good-natur'd girl may quickly grow grac
But a four-headed ſaint will be ever vexatiou

MAD

MADNESS.

SWELL the clarion, ſweep the ſtring,
Blow into rage the muſe's fires!
All thy anſwers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis madneſs ſelf inſpires.

Hail, awful Madneſs, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager ſpreads his 'ventrous ſail.
Nor beſt nor wiſeſt are exempt from thee;
Folly——Folly's only free.

Hark!——to the aſtoniſh'd ear
The gale conveys a ſtrange tumultuous ſound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.——

Pride——Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and Malice ſwell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—Affection croſt—
Hope in Diſappointment loſt——
And injur'd merit with a downcaſt eye,
(Hurt by neglect) ſlow ſtalking heedleſs by.

Loud the ſhouts of Madneſs riſe,
Various voices, various cries,—
Mirth unmeaning—cauſeleſs moans,
Burſts of laughter,—heart-felt groans—
All ſeem to pierce the ſkies.——

Rov

Rough as the wintry wave, that roa
On Thule's deſert ſhores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his jarring ſor
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends h

No pleaſing memory left—forgotten
All former ſcenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No ſympathies like theſe his ſoul empl
——But all is dark within, all furious b

Not ſo the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderneſs betray'd;
Her gentle breaſt no angry paſſion fi
But ſlighted vows poſſeſs, and fainting

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All——but in reaſon, ſtill the ſame.
Streaming eyes,
Inceſſant ſighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er v
Point out to pity's tears, the poor diſtr
Dead to the world—her fondeſt wiſhes
She mourns herſelf thus early loſt.—

Now, ſadly gay, of ſorrows paſt ſhe ſin
Now, penſive, ruminates unutterable th
She ſtarts—ſhe flies—who dares ſo
On her ſequeſtrate ſteps intrude?—
'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty trai
Merry miſchief fills his brain.

Blanket-rob'd, and antic-crown'd,
The mimic monarch ſkips around;
Big with conceit of dignity he ſmiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unſuſpected wiles.—
Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmoſt ſoul!
"Give the knife, demons, or the poiſon'd bowl,
"To finiſh miſeries equal to your own."—
Who's this wretch, with horror wild?
——'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.——
Sunk in the emphaſis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he aſk relief.—
Thou, fair Religion, was deſign'd,
Duteous daughter of the ſkies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wiſe.
To point, where ſits in love array'd
Attentive to each ſuppliant call,
The God of univerſal aid,
The God the Father of us all.
Firſt ſhewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious ſcene,
'Till Superſtition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to riſe, and tears to flow,
And ſpread deep ſhades our view and heaven between.
Drawn by her pencil the Creator ſtands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aſide)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghaſt, yet ling'ring, flies, flies
And daſh'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's beſt dependance

But ah!—too thick thy croud—too cloſe thy throng,
Objects of pity and affright!——
Spare farther the deſcriptive ſong——
Nature ſhudders at the ſight.——
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapleſs group low drop Compaſſion's veil.

THE

THREE TRAVELLERS.

A TALE.

A Good repute, a virtuous name,
Philoſophers ſet forth,
As the unerring path to fame,
If fame conſiſts in worth.

This jewel, rarely to be found,
Sets merit full in view;
A moral glory ſhines around
Whate'er the virtuous do.

The precious ointment, gently ſhed,
O'er mental ills prevails;
And, where the fragrant med'cine's ſpread,
It animates and heals.

Yet hard it is to uſe it right,
Tho' beautiful to view;
It ſhines diſtinguiſhingly bright,
How tranſitory too!

Like glaſs it glitters, ſoon 'tis crack'd,
Irreparably frail!
All moraliſts allow the fact,
So I apply my tale.——

When things inanimate could ſpeak,
FIRE once agreed with WATER,
A friendly jaunt one day to take,
But where, 'tis no great matter.

It happen'd, that, the day before
Each left his different ſtation,
They choſe a third, worth twenty more,
And this was—REPUTATION.

The three companions now reflect,
If chance ſhould once divide 'em,
How each his letters might direct,
Or who would ſureſt guide 'em.

Says WATER, friends, you'll hear my name,
Tho' loſt upon a mountain,
Enquire at any murmuring ſtream,
Or ſeek me in a fountain.

Where marſhes ſtagnate, bogs extend,
Green reeds, and turfy ſods
Direct a path to meet your friend;
A path the bullruſh nods.

From deep caſcades I ſometimes pour;
Through meadows gently glide;
I drop a dew; deſcend a ſhower;
Or thunder in a tide.

Your reſtleſs make, quoth FIRE, I knew,
Juſt like your parent ocean;

I like to rove as well as you,
My life conſiſts in motion.
But ſhould I ſtray, you'll find me ſoon
In matches, flints, and tapers;
And tho' my temper's briſk and boon,
I am often in the vapours.

From ſmoke ſure tidings you may get,
It can't ſubſiſt without me:
Or find me, like ſome fond coquette,
With fifty ſparks about me.

In poets all my marks you ſee,
Since flaſh and ſmoke reveal me;
Suſpect me always near NAT LEE,
Even BLACKMORE can't conceal me.

In MILTON's page I glow by art,
One flame, intenſe and even;
In SHAKESPEARE's blaze a ſudden ſtart,
Like lightening ſhot from Heaven.

In many more, a living ray,
Thro' various forms I ſhift;
I am gently lambent while I am GAY,
But brighteſt when I am SWIFT.

In different ſhapes too I am ſeen
Among the young and fair;
And as the virtues ſhine within,
You'll ever find me there.

I with pure, brilliant, piercing gleams,
Arm bright ELIZA's eye;
With modeſt, ſoft, ethereal beams,
Sweet MARY's I ſupply.

The beſt of ſlaves I am call'd by men,
When held in proper durance;
But, if I once do miſchief, then
I am heard of at the inſurance.

Thro' nature's works I take my flight,
And kindle as I run;
Up from the tinder-box I light
The chariot of the ſun.

Alas! poor REPUTATION cry'd,
How happy in each other,
Such numerous marks muſt ſurely guide
Each ſtranger to his brother.

Tis I alone muſt be undone,
Such ills has fate deſign'd me:
If I be loſt, 'tis ten to one,
You never more will find me.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of two GOLDFINCHES, given to the writer by the Right Honourable Lady MARY LESLIE, on her leaving IRELAND.

ADIEU! O ye favourites, ſo dear!
Ye pretty ſweet warblers adieu!
No more your glad notes ſhall I hear,
No more meet your welcomes ſo true;
No more on my ſhoulder and head,
Free perching, my tea ſhall ye ſip;
No more ſhall ye eye me for bread,
And ſnatch, with your bills, from my lip.

Dull

Dull cenſors, ye hold it in ſcorn,
From ſuch motives diſtreſs ſhould appear:
Yet, I lov'd them, and cannot but mourn;
They are dead, and I muſt drop a tear.
Whoe'er ſhall ſuch feelings deſpiſe,
May act the more ſtoical part,
May vaunt himſelf happy and wiſe,
But let him not boaſt of his heart.

Affection with virtue is join'd,
It dwells with the brave and the free,
It warms and ennobles the mind,
Then, is it a weakneſs in me?
If gratitude weakneſs implies,
That weakneſs for ever be mine—
And the gift for the giver I prize;
They, lovely MARIA, were thine.

At NEWLAND*, where often I ſtray'd,
And often you tripp'd by my ſide†,
One evening, ſlow winding the glade,
In a hawthorn the neſtlings were ſpy'd;
Soft tranſport quick glanc'd from your eye,
Sweet innocence liſp'd on your tongue;
They chirrup'd—you wiſh'd, with a ſigh,
To protect both the neſt and the young.

Full feather'd they home were convey'd—
For honour and freedom well known,
With a LESLIE nought had they to dread,
And their fears were ſoon over and gone.

At

* *The Earl of* ROTHES's ſummer reſidence, near DUBLIN.
† *The writer* was preceptor to her Ladyſhip.

At large, in your chamber they flew—
O! there, that 'till now they might rove!—
And fed, and attended by you,
Forgot both the fields and the grove.

But the ſeaſon of ſorrow drew nigh—
Far hence muſt their miſtreſs depart:
Remembrance, even now, fills my eye,
For MARIA was dear to my heart.

And ſhe kiſs'd her poor favourites, and cry'd;
And ſhe begg'd to her birds I'd be kind;
And ſhe much in my care did confide,
And her words ever liv'd in my mind.

One morn, of my CHARLEY * bereft,
What elſe could from hirelings enſue?
The window wide open was left,
And away the dear libertine flew.

All the day, though 'tis ſtrange to relate,
All the day did he wantonly roam;
But at eve the ſoft notes of his mate,
Recall'd the bold fugitive home.

For years the ſole joy of her heart,
Thence faithful he ſung by her ſide;
And at her when cold death flung his dart,
He languiſh'd, he ſicken'd, he died.

Adieu! ye companions, ſo dear!
Ye pretty ſweet warblers adieu!
No more your glad notes ſhall I hear;
How rare meet affection ſo true!

* *One of the* Goldfinches ſo called; a family name.

THE OCEAN.

SEARCH Nature's works, thro' all her mazy plan,
All Nature's works are counterparts of Man,
'Tis man, 'tis man, the moralizing muſe
Sees in the rock, and in the wave purſues.

Mark yonder low'ring cloud, ſee billows riſe,
Shoot up aloft in air, and threat the ſkies;
Such and ſo great the ſtorm within the ſoul,
When reaſon ſinks, and paſſion's billows roll.

See trembling ſun-beams play along the tide,
Soft breathes the gale, and ſmooth the waters glide;
'Tis ſo the placid man's life gently flows,
Where all is motion, and yet all repoſe.

The ſluggard, every paſſion lull'd to ſleep,
Dares not to hope, to fear, to joy, to weep;
Behold, fit emblem of the ſluggard's reſt,
The dead ſtill calm, unbleſſing and unbleſt.

Waves deſtroy waves, ſucceſſive as they flow,
And beat down others, that themſelves may grow;
So the falſe wretch, the baſeſt of the baſe;
Supplants his fellow, to uſurp his place.

Wrapt in himſelf and reſolutely juſt,
Unmov'd, nor changing with the changing guſt;
The moral hero ſtands each adverſe ſhock,
The moral hero's pictur'd in the rock.

Behold the ocean, all inteſtine jar,
All chaos, diſcord, and unceaſing war;
Behold the world, all paſſion, and all ſtrife;
The world's an ocean, and our voy'ge is life.

See,

See, ſee each bark exalt the little ſail,
Launch eager on the tide, and catch the gale,
A hapleſs bark, long e'er it reach the coaſt,
It *muſt* be ſhatter'd, and it *may* be loſt.

Paſſions are winds to urge us o'er the wave,
Reaſon the rudder, to direct and ſave;
This without thoſe, obtains a vain employ,
Thoſe without this, but urge us to deſtroy.

Hope is our anchor: every comfort paſt,
She gives an animating ſmile at laſt,
With her, tho' wreck'd, we dare the ſtormy main,
And wreck'd again, with her we dare again.

The port is happineſs: all hither aim,
All ſeek by different means, this end the ſame;
Oh happineſs, to thee, to thee we're bound,
Thee ever ſeek to find, tho' none e'er found,
We ſeek thee here: In vain. We ſeek thee there,
Still, ſtill in vain; thou phantom fleet as air.

Say goddeſs in what place thou lov'ſt to dwell,
What unknown region, or what hidden cell;
Oh deign to ſhed one glimm'ring ray of light,
Exalt one beacon, and direct us right;
Thro' unknown tracks, thro' hidden cells for thee,
Well climb each rock, and dauntleſs brave each ſea.

Unlike to this, behold another port,
To which we would not, yet we muſt reſort;
A ſilent port, where winds forget to roar,
And foaming billows learn to foam no more;
Where clouds and quickſands, ſtorms and tempeſts
ceaſe,
All huſh'd in ſilence and eternal peace.

Short is thy voy'ge, protract it how you can
Proceed then mortal, nor curtail thy ſpan
The ſtorms of paſſion, whirlpools of deſpair,
The ſtraits of trouble, and the clouds of care;
Theſe, tho' they threat, ſhall quickly paſs away
Short is thy voy'ge, and ſhort like that are they

A DISH OF TEA.

PRETTY charmer, gloſſy diſh,
Daily object of my wiſh,
Let me ſip thy liquid tea,
Liquid leaf of indian tree;
How I feel my ſpirits flow,
And my vigour in me glow;
When from teapot you diſtil,
Little teapot's ſmoking rill,
And you loſe your golden ſtream
In a ſilver flood of cream;
And I lift thee to my lip,
And like nectar thee I ſip;
Oh, how charming is the bliſs
Of thy aromatic kiſs.

Happy he, who twice a day
Thus can taſte his life away;
Who with each returning morn,
After walking o'er the lawn;
And at night again can ſip
India's fragrance from thy lip,
Purer joys by far he knows,
Than from frantic Bacchus flows.

VERSES *left on a Table at a* CHOP-HOUSE, *near the* ROYAL EXCHANGE.

DEAR Betty, emblem of thy chop-houſe ware,
As broth reviving, and as french-bread fair;
As thy ſweet eyes, no cruet half ſo bright,
Tho' of cut-glaſs, by a wax taper's light; [touch,
Thy hands for ſoftneſs, ſhame the ſweet-bread's
Thy fingers all exceed the radiſh much;
Blue veins appear upon thy lovely ſkin,
Like dainty mould on cheſhire cheeſe ſo thin;
No Durham muſtard made the day before,
Is half ſo quick as you from two till four;
Sharp as my knife, and piercing as my fork,
Is thy clear wit, and oh when country pork
In ſeaſon comes, how does thy comic voice
Join in the feaſt, like that and apple ſauce;
As leaves of endive is thy curling hair,
Thy forehead like a muffin bak'd ſo fair;
And when I fain would paint thy gentle mind,
I talk of pigeons and of lambkins kind,
Ere the vile butcher, or the poulterer drew
That knife, which ſent them to be dreſt by you.

Oh Betty, could I turn and ſhift my love,
With the ſame art that you your ſteaks can move,
My heart thus cook'd, might prove a chop-houſe feaſt
And you alone ſhould be the welcome gueſt,
But deareſt girl, the flames that you impart
Like chop on gridiron broil my tender heart;

While

Which if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
Muſt like an unturn'd chop, hiſs, burn, and fr
And muſt at laſt, thou ſcorcher of my ſoul,
Shrink and become an undiſtinguiſh'd coal.

A SONNETT.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek ſhe laid,
And bade me kiſs the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, but from the wound
Imbib'd both ſweet and ſmart,
The honey on my lips I found,
The ſting within my heart.

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA's charms inſpire my lays,
Who young in nature's ſcorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days
Like Glaſtonbury thorn.

Coſmelia cruel at threeſcore,
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life paſt guiltleſs o'er
But in the fifth ſhe ſlays.

When e'er impatient for the bliſs,
Within her arms you fall,
The plaiſter'd fair receives the kiſs,
Like Thiſbe——thro' a wall.

A GENTLEMAN *to a* SURGEON *letting his Miſtreſs Blood.*

FOND man that canſt believe her blood
Will from thoſe purple chryſtals flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul diſtemper know,
Or that thy weak ſteel can inciſe,
The chryſtal caſe wherein it lies.

Know, that quick blood proud of his ſeat
Runs dancing thro' her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony nor cold nor heat
Diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtains;
And the hard rock wherein it dwells
The keeneſt dart of love repells.

But thou reply'ſt, Behold ſhe bleeds,
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The myſtic knot whence this proceeds,
How lovers in each other grow;
Thou ſtrok'ſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

The PRESBYTERIAN PARSON's BREECHES.

PINDAR, thrice ſacred ſhade, ariſe
With deep ſolemnity,
Aid me to ſpurn the vulgar duſt,
Aid me to reach the ſky.

Let *others in the* Morning Poſt
Write their ignoble name,

My muſe among the ſtars ſhall fix
Her everlaſting fame.
Let Garrick rouſe "To Arms to Arms"
And thunder "Who's afraid"
To make the Coxheath Hero ſtrut
And ſhew his fierce cockade.
Let laureat Whitehead flatter kings
To fill his purſe with riches,
My muſe purſues a nobler theme,
A parſon's greaſy breeches.
Theſe breeches were not made of ſilk,
Of cloth or velvet either;
The breeches that ſublime my lays
Were made of courtly leather.
That they might match the ſable coat
He wore upon his back,
(For prieſts delight in etiquette)
Much greaſe had dy'd them black.
The doctor that he might expound
His text with comely grace,
Each Saturday was wont to ſhave
His venerable face.
Now aid me then ye muſes all,
To ſing in lofty ſtave,
How uſeful theſe ſame breeches were
While he his face did ſhave.
They ſerv'd him for a razor-ſtrap
Whereon his blade to whet;
For a rough edge were ſure enough,
To make a *Calvin* fret.

id when his evangelic face
To ſcrape he did begin,
ey ſerv'd him for a looking glaſs,
That he mightn't cut his chin.

ey ſerv'd him for a ſhoulder clout
Whereon his blade to clean,
hich ſtood inſtead of mercury,
To make the mirror ſhine.

us the grand ſummit of her ſong
The muſe expiring reaches,
ite dazzled with the glorious theme,
The ſplendor of the breeches.

crown our Parſon then with laurels
And honour his invention,
es he not more than Parſon Bate
Deſerve to have a penſion?

aps, razors, mirrors buy no more,
No more let tradeſmen cheat us,
r that which warms the Parſon's rump
ls his ſhaving apparatus.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

[E mountains ſo dreary and dread,
To whom I ſo often repair,
pity fall down on my head,
And ſnatch me at once from deſpair.

In mercy, ye ſkies, to my woes,
Let your thunders avengingly roll,
And death kindly huſh to repoſe
The Ætna that burſts on my ſoul.
Twelve moons have I ſcarcely been wed,
And honour'd with Beverly's name;
Yet how has the conjugal bed
Been ſteep'd in pollution and ſhame!
To the fondeſt and worthieſt youth,
All ſpotted and perjur'd I ſtand;
And this ring, which once ſwore to my truth,
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand
Perdition quick fall on the hour
That firſt I ſaw Clerimont's face,
And fatally gave him a power
To plunge me in endleſs diſgrace.
From Time's ſwiftly ſilvering wing
This inſtant O let it be torn;
And pluck from remembrance a ſting,
Too bitter by far to be borne.
Once white as the moon's pureſt ray,
This boſom could conſciouſly heave,
Deſpiſe every thought to betray,
And deteſt every wiſh to deceive.
Once crown'd with contentment and reſt,
My days held the happieſt race;
And the night ſaw me equally bleſt,
In my Beverly's honeſt embrace.
But now, one continued diſguiſe,
I'm hackney'd in falſehood and art;

And teach every glance of my eyes
To conceal every wiſh of my heart.
To meet with poor Beverly's kiſs.
What tranſport appears in my air!
Tho' his breaſt, once the pillow of bliſs,
Swells only with death and deſpair.
If a look is by accident caught,
I'm fill'd with a thouſand alarms;
And Clerimont fires every thought,
When I melt e'en in Beverly's arms.
Great Ruler of all things above,
Whom Father of Mercies we deem,
Let duty direct me to love
Where reaſon compells my eſteem.
Yet how to thy throne ſhall I run;
For pardon, how can I exclaim;
When every renewal of ſun
Beholds a renewal of ſhame!
Nay, now while the guilt I deteſt,
My conſcience ſo dreadfully wrings;
This Clerimont grows on my breaſt,
And inſenſibly twiſts round the ſtrings.
Diſtraction, this inſtant repair,
And ſeize the leaſt atom of brain;
For nature no longer can bear
This incredible fulneſs of pain!
Let Mercy employ its own time,
I dare not look upward that way;
For unleſs I deſiſt from my crime,
'Tis blaſphemy ſurely to pray.

A DIRGE

A DIRGE.

BOW the head thou lily fair,
Bow the head in mournful guiſe;
Sickly turn thy ſhining white,
Bend thy ſtalk and never riſe.

Shed thy leaves thou lovely roſe,
Shed thy leaves ſo ſweet and gay;
Spread them wide on the cold earth,
Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine all untwine,
All untwine from yonder bower;
Drag thy branches on the ground,
Stain with duſt each tender flower.

For, woe is me! the gentle knot,
That did in willing durance bind
My EMMA and her happy ſwain,
By cruel death is now untwin'd.

Her head with dim half-cloſed eyes,
Is bowed upon her breaſt of ſnow;
And cold and faded are thoſe cheeks,
That wont with chearful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,
That wont to breathe the ſounds of love;
And lifeleſs are thoſe beauteous limbs,
That with ſuch eaſe and grace did move.

And I of all my bliſs bereft,
Lonely and ſad muſt ever moan;
Dead to each joy the world can give,
Alive to memory alone.

VERSES

Written upon a Pedeſtal beneath a row of elms in a meadow near Richmond Ferry, belonging to RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, *Eſq.*

YE green-hair'd nymphs! whom Pan allows
To guard from harm theſe favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the ſtream,
That ſooth the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and ſprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic meaſures uncontroul'd,
Your fairy ſports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye paſs,
With many a ringlet print the graſs;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour;
If e'er by moonlight on the plain
Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd ſtrain;
From every floweret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
From theſe moſs'd elms, where priſon'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye ſleep,
If theſe your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, ariſe, and hear my prayer!

O baniſh from this peaceful plain
The perjur'd nymph, the faithleſs ſwain,
The ſtubborn heart, that ſcorns to bow,
And harſh rejects the honeſt vow;

The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear
With aught that ſenſe would bluſh to hear,
Or, falſe to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot ſtain:
The light coquet, with various art,
Who caſts her net for every heart,
And ſmiling flatters to the chace
Alike the worthy and the baſe:
The dame, who, proud of virtue's praiſe,
Is happy if a ſiſter ſtrays,
And, conſcious of unclouded fame,
Delighted, ſpreads the tale of ſhame:
But far, O! baniſh'd far be they,
Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
Who ſee, nor wiſh to wipe away,
The tear that ſwells the widow's eye;
Th' unloving man, whoſe narrow mind
Diſdains to feel for human-kind,
At others bliſs whoſe cheek ne'er glows,
Whoſe breaſt ne'er throbs with others woes,
Whoſe hoarded ſum of private joys
His private care alone deſtroys;
Ye fairies caſt your ſpells around,
And guard from ſuch this hallow'd ground!

But welcome all, who ſigh with truth,
Each conſtant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
Sweet union of the willing mind!
Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly ſold,
Law-licens'd proſtitutes for gold;

ıme thrice, and thrice again,
ı few, the worthy train,
ıdy feet, untaught to ſtray,
where virtue marks the way;
ls no thought, whoſe hands have known
vhich honour might not own;
with pain, or ſtung with care,
s bliſs can claim a part,
e's brighteſt hour, can ſhare
ng that wrings another's heart:
ın ſprights, when ſuch ye ſee,
:e be theirs, and welcome free!
.e ſky from clouds or ſhowers!
he turf, and freſh the flowers!

t the youth, whoſe pious care
ur ſhrine this honeſt prayer,
the reſt, admittance gain,
ft this pleaſant ſcene,
› love the Muſe attend!
the Muſe is Virtue's friend.

n alone may venture here,
from guilt, are free from fear;
e affections can embrace
extent of human race;
tue and her friends approve;
nbridge and the Muſes love.

SONNET,

SONNET.—*Written on the Sea Shore.*

LOUD are the Surges of the angry main
When tempeſt rages with tumultuous ſway,
When howling winds deform the liquid plain,
And all is chaos wild, and drear diſmay.

See yon poor bark its utmoſt fury brave
Whilſt o'er the ſhatter'd deck the billows roll,
Scarce heaves her lab'ring ſide above the wave;
Sad emblem of my tempeſt beaten ſoul.

Yet ſhall theſe terrors of the deep ſubſide
Theſe angry waves and hideous ſtorms ſhall ceaſe;
She in her deſtin'd port ſhall ſafely ride,
And all be huſh'd in harmony and peace.
Ah! when ſhall I attain that peaceful ſhore,
Where ſtorms ſhall vex the harraſs'd ſoul no more.

On the ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

QUOTH Dick to Tom,—This Act appears
Abſurd, as I'm alive:
To take the Crown at eighteen years,
The Wife at twenty-five.

The myſt'ry how ſhall we explain?
For, ſure, as * Dowdeſwell ſaid,
Thus early if they're fit to *reign*
They muſt be fit to *wed!*

Quoth Tom to Dick,—Thou art a fool,
And little know'ſt of life;
Alas! 'tis eaſier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.

INSTRUCTI

* *Mr Dowdeſwell's* Speech on the Royal Marria

* INSTRUCTIONS TO A PORTER.

YOU! to whoſe care I've now conſign'd
My houſe's entrance, caution uſe,
While you diſcharge your truſt, and mind
Whom you admit, and whom refuſe.

Let no fierce paſſions enter here,
Paſſions the raging breaſt that ſtorm,
Nor ſcornful *pride*, nor ſervile *fear*,
Nor hate nor envy's pallid form.

Should *avarice* call—you'll let her know
Of heap'd up riches I've no ſtore,
And that ſhe has no right to go
Where Plutus has not been before.

Lo! on a viſit hither bent
High plum'd *ambition* ſtalks about;

* This and the following Poems marked with an Aſteriſk, were wrote by the late Mr Bedingfeld, of whom, he annexed account is taken from the Gentlemen's Magazine for December, 1789. "Mr Bedingfeld was the ſon of Mr Bedingfeld, of York, (who is related to Sir Richard Bedingfeld of Oxborough, in the county of Norfolk.) He was a young Man of fine parts; ſerved a few years with Meſſ. Davidſons, Attornies at Newcaſtle; came to London about ſix years ago; was clerk to the late eminent conveyancer, Matthew Duane, Eſq; ſince whoſe death, Mr Bedingfeld, practiſed as a chamber counſel (being a Roman Catholic) on his own account; he died at Epping, Nov. 13, 1789."

But ſhou'd he enter, ſweet *content*
Will give me warning—ſhut him out.
Perhaps the *Muſe* may paſs this way,
And tho' full oft I've bent the knee,
And long invok'd her magic ſway,
Smit with the love of harmony;
Alone tho' ſhe might pleaſe—yet ſtill
I know ſhe'll with *Ambition* come;
With luſt of Fame my heart ſhe'll fill,
She'll break my reſt—I'm not at home.
There is a Raſcal old and hideous,
Who oft (and ſometimes not in vain)
Cloſe at my gate has watch'd aſſiduous,
In hopes he might admittance gain.
His name is *Care*—if he ſhould call,
Quick out of doors with vigour throw him
And tell the miſcreant once for all
I know him not, I ne'er will know him.
Perhaps then Bacchus, foe to *care*,
May think *he'll* ſure my favour win,
His promiſes of joy are fair
But falſe, you muſt not let him in.
But welcome that ſweet power! on whom
The Young *deſires* attendant move;
Still fluſh'd with Beauty's vernal bloom,
Parent of bliſs the *Queen of Love.*
O! you will know her, ſhe has ſtole
The luſtre of my Delia's eye,
Admit her, hail her—for my ſoul
Breathes double life when ſhe is nigh.

If then, ſtern *Wiſdom* at my gate
Should knock with all her formal train,
Tell her I'm buſy—ſhe may wait,
Or if ſhe chooſes—call again.

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* OLD AGE THE SEASON OF FRIENDSHIP AND NOT OF LOVE.

AN IMITATION FROM VOLTAIRE.

Se vous voulez que j'aime encore, &c.

IF in this boſom love you'd raiſe,
Love's long loſt ſeaſon back invite,
And to the twilight of my days
The roſy dawn of youth unite.

From ſcenes where Bacchus takes his ſtand,
And *Venus* fires the youthful heart;
Time ſeizing on my wither'd hand
And frowning, warns me to depart.

Againſt the terrors of his rage
My drooping ſoul let reaſon ſteel,
Who wants the ſpirit of his age,
Muſt all his age's evil feel.

Let *Youth* enjoy the ſmiles of Fate,
The yielding Fair, the ſparkling Glaſs,
Two Moments from our mortal date,
Let *one* to wiſdom ſacred paſs.

But——Fly ye, to return no more
Illuſions, Follies; Love and Joy,

Celeſtial Gifts of genial power,
Life's ſharpeſt ſorrows to deſtroy.
Twice do we die, ſo fate decrees;
To ceaſe to Love and to be loved
Is death, and worſe than death; to ceaſe
To live is what I'll bear unmoved.
Thus trembling with awaken'd fire,
The loſs of youthful joys I mourn'd,
And to the paths of fond deſire,
My wandering ſoul again return'd.
When lo! to ſooth my troubl'd mind,
Friendſhip deſcended from above,
As ſweet, as tender, and as kind,
But charm'd—but raviſh'd leſs than *Love*.
Pleas'd with her beauties as ſhe ſtept,
Struck with her ſplendor as ſhe ſhone,
Friendſhip I follow'd,——but I wept,
Now forc'd to follow her *alone*.

---

* AN INVOCATION.

CELESTIAL harmony deſcend,
The wrinkl'd brow of care unbend,
Thy chearful voice let ſorrow hear,
And ceaſe to drop the penſive tear;
Bid joy, ecſtatic joy impart
Its pleaſing influence to the heart,
Deſcend celeſtial harmony,
Joy owes its ſweeteſt charm to thee.

When

When love the boſom fills, 'tis thine
His power to heighten and refine,
Thy thrilling warblings ſoft and flow,
Attuned to melting paſſion flow,
And bid the ſoul enraptured prove,
That muſic is the voice of love;
Deſcend celeſtial harmony,
Love owes its ſweeteſt charm to thee.

Enchanting power 'tis thine to ſtill
The ſtorms that life's ſad circle fill;
The burthen of our woes to eaſe,
And make our pleaſures doubly pleaſe;
Each tender feeling to refine
Through life, enchanting power 'tis thine;
Deſcend celeſtial harmony,
Life owes its ſweeteſt charm to thee.

* ON FOUR BEAUTIFUL SISTERS.

YE Daughters of H—— each mortal may ſee
Such ſymptoms of ſweetneſs, of beauty ſuch traces
In every dear feature—that were you but *three*,
Each mortal would whiſper, "Behold the three Graces."

But ſince heavenly charmers, your number is *four*,
A fourth heavenly name muſt be fix'd on between us;
Each mortal, whoſe eyes the fair group ſhall explore
Muſt whiſper "Behold the three Graces—a Venus."

Yet whom to diſtinguiſh with Venus's name,
Is a point that muſt puzzle a poor rhyming elf;
For the handmaids of beauty to rank cannot claim
With the ſweet ſmiling goddeſs of beauty herſelf.

'Tis not in your charms the diſtinction I'll ſeek,
With equal attraction beholders they feaſt;
So ſparkling each eye, and ſo blooming each cheek,
Each nymph is a Venus—in beauty at leaſt.

But Venus, by bards, young and old 'tis confeſſed,
Was gifted with *kindneſs* united to *beauty*;
And ſtill was her heart with this maxim impreſt,
"To *wound* is my Fate—but to *heal* is my Duty."

Since then the contention of charms is in vain,
The claim beauty cannot, let kindneſs diſcover;
Let this be the praiſe that ye ſtrive to obtain,
Who ſooneſt ſhall grant the fond ſuit of her lover.

Thus who ſhall be Venus will be a plain caſe,
The point to decide with ſucceſs I've been trying,
Each nymph that is prudiſh, ſhall be but a Grace,
And the nymph ſhall be Venus, that's kind and complying.

---

* Upon my ſoul when I adviſed
One of you four to copy Venus,
Sweet B——y! faith I ne'er ſurmiſed,
You'd form this miſconſtruction heinous.

Was

* *Miſs B. H.* married a gentleman engaged in the Iron-works at S.

Was there alas! no other way,
You could the goddeſs imitate;
Than in what moſt her folly lay,
Her choice prepoſterous of a mate?

But ſince 'tis paſt, I'll ſtill rejoice,
If you the copy will purſue;
Reſembling Venus in her choice,
And treatment of her choſen too.

In decking heads much time you've ſpent,
'Tis well—that buſineſs follow now;
And don't forget what ornament,
Your Venus plac'd on Vulcan's brow.

---

* *On the* DEATH *of Miſs* F. H's LOVER.

THE youth of Peleus' verdant plain,
To fate reſigns his ſtruggling breath;
Each friend in pity's bitter ſtrain,
Laments th' untimely ſtroke of death.

But oh! his Fanny's tender heart,
Feels the keen pang that's felt by few;
For wounded by a double dart,
She weeps her friend and lover too.

Sorrowing ſhe mourns his early doom,
His truth, his wond'rous worth recalls;
And o'er fair merit's hallow'd tomb,
The lovely tear of beauty falls.

The tear of beauty falls—yet ſtill
Not e'en that tear ſhall ought avail,

It cannot thaw death's icy chill,
  It cannot wake the ſlumbers pale.
Still penſive mourner let it flow,
  Spread ſorrow's langour o'er thy face;
Thy charms thus ſoft'ned, ſweeter glow,
  And from affliction borrow grace.
Lamented ſhade! tho' pleaſure's hour
  To thee, yet ſcarce begun, was o'er,
Tho' on thy cheek youth's vernal flower
  Juſt bloom'd—and bloom'd to cloſe no more.
Still does thy fate my envy move,
  Thy fortune friendly ſtill appears,
Alive, bleſt with thy Fanny's love,
  And dead, lamented with her tears.

---

* *To Mrs* C——, *on her deſiring to ſee ſome of* VERSES.

URGE, urge no more the vain requeſt,
  Reſolv'd to ſhun the alarming teſt;
I'll prudent to thy ſight refuſe,
The weak productions of my muſe;
Soon wou'd thy penetrating eye,
Defects unnumber'd there deſcry;
No beauties note, my feeble lays
Wou'd claim thy pity, not thy praiſe.
  For ſhou'd'ſt thou ſee that there I aim
To catch imagination's flame;

Triumphs

Triumphantly to move along,
With all the pomp of lofty ſong;
Alas! with ſuch ſuperior ſway,
Thy happier genius wings its way;
So bright thy Fancy's given to ſhine,
Thou'lt pity ſure a muſe like mine.

Or humbler ſhou'd I ſtrive to gain,
Applauſe from humour's ſportive ſtrain,
In playful ſtyle attempt to pleaſe,
And aim at elegance and eaſe;
Alas! what can I thus ſubmit?
Such vigour points thy livelier wit;
Such native graces ſtill refine,
Thou'lt pity ſure a wit like mine.

But ſhould my penſive lays diſcloſe
Some mournful lover's hidden woes;
The troubled mind, the bleeding heart,
Transfix'd with paſſions keeneſt dart;
While, curſt, he views his fair one's charms,
With rapture crown another's arms,
Alas! with hopeleſs grief he'd pine,
Thou would'ſt not pity woes like mine.

---

* *The* RELAPSE.

A Slave to Celia's charms, I ſaw
My fond affection fruitleſs prove;
No more ſhall Venus give me law,
No more O Cupid! will I love.

Yet I was born to feel thy dart,
But now the dear deluſion's o'er,
Thy reign is gone, my fooliſh heart
Would love too much—*I'll love no mor*

The godhead cried "what ſervile fear!
"Weak mortal ſee thy ſoul to move,
"Three graces joined in one appear"
—Child 'tis in vain—*I will not love.*

When lo! my Sylvia's radiant form
Sudden my dazzled eyes explore;
She comes with beauty's every charm,
But comes too late—*I'll love no more.*

Yes, *there* reſides each power to pleaſe,
There graces o'er each feature rove,
There wit and temper, ſenſe and eaſe,
But all are vain—*I will not love.*

What? ſhall my rivals own their fire,
And proſtrate at her feet adore,
Whilſt I—why ſtill I'll but *admire,*
I'll ſurely, ſurely—*love no more.*

When Cupid thus his purpoſe preſt,
"Thy ſenſe and reas'ning I approve;
"*Admire* then, and in ſafety reſt;
"For admiration—*is not love.*

"What tho' ten thouſand graces glow,
"Such as ne'er met thy eyes before;
"Tho' beauty, ſenſe—all theſe you know,
"Are nothing, when—*one loves no more*

"*Then* ſee the nymph, devoid of fear,
"*Myſelf* all danger will remove;

Each moment whiſpering in your ear,
" *At leaſt remember not to love.*"
How cou'd I truſt ſuch hidden guile,
Wou'd Cupid leſſen Cupid's power?
Malicious imp! I ſaw him ſmile,
Whene'er I ſaid—*I'll love no more.*
Then from that day to danger blind,
Heedleſs to meet my fate I move,
I ſee the charmer, but I find
To ſee thee is—*Alas to love.*

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* ADDRESSED *to* MR G. PICKERING.

TO me when life's alluring ſcenes were new,
And hope her magic glaſs upheld to youth,
The ſweet perſpective; how it charmed my view,
It promis'd bliſs in love—in friendſhip truth.
To each fond ſcheme it promis'd ſure ſucceſs,
Health to purſue, and patience to attain;
I deem'd each hour beyond the laſt would bleſs,
And pleaſure ſtill extend her ſmiling reign.
Experience ſoon was nigh;—th' illuſion's o'er,
And all my darling aims abortive prove:
Early my heart is deſtin'd to deplore,
Friendſhip betray'd, and unrequited love.
My wearied ſpirits ſink, and palid care
Has fix'd his reſidence upon my cheek;
Calling on comfort, anſwer'd by deſpair,
Through life's drear wilderneſs my way I ſeek.

I've ſeen a flower which at Aurora's call,
Burſt into bloom and gaily rear'd its hea
Its riſe all nature ſeem'd to hail, and all
The youthful grace of ſpring around was
But ſoon came on the ſultry hour of day,
Blaſting whate'er was promis'd by the m
Th' unhappy plant ſoon felt the parching r
And loſt its early bloom and droop'd forl
When lo! their genial ſuccour to impart,
I ſaw the dews of night propitious come
Thus far'd it with the flower; my drooping
Pants for the night eternal of the tomb.

LINCOLN'S INN,
JULY 25, 1786.

A LETTER, *from a* CLERGYMAN *of the*
of England, to a FEMALE QUAKER. *W*
ANSWER. *(By deſire)*

HARK, how the ſacred thunder rend
ſkies! c
" Repent, and be baptiz'd,"—Chriſt's h
" Repent, and be baptiz'd,—conſenting He
replies.
And can Lavania, unaffected, hear
This awful meſſage echoing in her ear?
Will my Lavania, unconverted, prove
Rebel to God, and faithleſs unto love?
Say, ſhall a parent's abſolute command
The mighty voice of God himſelf withſta

Shall heavenly calls to earthly ties give place,
And filial fondneſs fruſtrate Chriſtian grace?
Shall human wit Omniſcience engage,
And Barclay endleſs war with Jeſus wage?
Muſt each Apoſtle wave his claim to merit,
That Fox may ſhine firſt martyr of the ſpirit?
Muſt common ſenſe be baniſh'd from the ſoul,
'Ere goſpel ſalve can make the ſinner whole?
Muſt each adept in Calvary's great ſchool
Be not in meekneſs, but in fact a fool?
Muſt Paul, at Corinth, be a babbler too?
And Peter, when a baptiſt, be a Jew?
Muſt Philip's proceſs be ſuperfluous thought,
Becauſe he waſh'd the eunuch he had taught?
Muſt fœd'ral rites be metaphor'd away,
And actual homage conſtru'd—diſobey?
Such juggling arts may change each part of ſpeech,
Make water ſpirit, and baptize to teach:
But of ſuch jargon, Jeſus repreſents,
The light indeed, is lent alone to ſaints.
Then, in the letter double death we find,—
And Chriſt by figure only ſav'd mankind.

The A N S W E R.

" HARK, how the ſacred thunder rends the ſkies!
" Repent and be baptiz'd,'--Chriſt's herald cries
" Repent and be baptiz'd,'—conſenting heaven replies."
The *Chriſtian* heart reveres the ſolemn ſound,
And deeply humbled, treads the ſacred ground;

Or

Owns the injunction's undiſputed claim,
Its awful import, and its glorious aim:
But here a difference mutual zeals excites,—
You plead for outward,—we for mental rights:
We think the Goſpel's hallow'd page inſpires
Superior efforts,—nor one type requires;
Since no lavations can effectual prove,
The innate ſtains of nature to remove;
No mode of words can heavenly grace impart
To an infantile and unconſcious heart:
As vain and factious, hence we diſallow
The faithleſs ſurety and baptiſmal vow,
As being ſhadows, which men may obſerve,
Yet from the ſubſtance flagrantly they ſwerve:
While ſuperſtitious rites their time divide,
They ceaſe to follow their internal guide;
Enſlav'd by canons, and the partial rules
Of councils, ſynods, colleges, and ſchools.
Thus might mankind, for ſome, an ample field
To circumciſion's antient cuſtom yield;
Or, humbly proſtrate in the public ſtreet,
With mutual candor waſh each others' feet:
'Tis thus that holineſs to form gives place,
And ſolemn trifling fruſtrates Chriſtian grace.
In Jordan's pool well pleas'd, th' Almighty ſaw
His ſon below'd ſubmitting to the law;*
But his Apoſtles through the world he ſent,
With a baptizing power beyond the element.
This power does all true miniſtry attend,
'Twas promis'd, and will never have an end:

T

* Matt. iii. 14.

This mighty power his herald did proclaim,—
" He ſhall baptize you with an holy flame."
Yet water was in uſe, an ancient rite,
Allow'd the common way to proſelyte;
But no dependence plac'd thereon, you ſee,
And Paul and Peter in this point agree.*
Then real Chriſtians, with illumin'd thought,
View truth unbiaſs'd, as its author taught;
No type nor obſervation are rever'd,
Since their immortal antitype appear'd.
Fox preach'd this doctrine to a ſeeking age;
It ſhines in Barclay's unrefuted page:
Simple their ſcheme, no mean ſelf-love they knew,
But freely preach'd, without a ſordid view;
With hearts devoted, goſpel truths diſplay'd,
And ſcorn'd to make divinity a trade;
No juggling arts e'er us'd, no low diſguiſe,
On obvious texts and ſenſe to tyrannize;
Diſcerning truth, by its own native light,
And by its guidance, practis'd what was right.
This ſtate attain'd, prophetic ſigns no more
Demand obſervance, as in days of yore;
'Tis grace alone, exalted and refin'd,
Imparts inſtruction to th' attentive mind;
Convicts of error, and reſtrains from ſin,—
For what theſe are, it manifeſts within;
Each wayward paſſion by its aid ſubdu'd,
The ſoul's enthron'd in native rectitude;
Cleans'd of its ſtains, and ſprinkled from above,
With pure deſcendings of atoning love.

* 1 Cor. i. 17. Pet. iii. 21.

A baptiſm this,—eſſential you will find,
Or Chriſt by figure only ſav'd mankind:
This, then, alone, my ſuppliant ſpirit craves,—
Since but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptiſm ſaves.

Verſes copied from the Window of an obſcure Lodging-Houſe in London.

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whoſe reſtleſs mind,
Like me within theſe walls is cribb'd, confin'd,
Learn, how each want, that heaves our mutual ſigh,
A woman's ſoft ſolicitudes ſupply!
From her white breaſt retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the circle of her magic arms;
While ſouls exchang'd alternate grace acquire,
And paſſions catch from paſſions glorious fire.

What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine;
No nodding plumes, our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No ſilver lamp, with ſculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding Beauty pours its midnight ray:
Yet Fanny's charms could Time's ſlow flight beguile,
Soothe every care, and make this dungeon ſmile;
In her what Kings, what ſaints have wiſh'd, is given;
Her heart is Empire, and her love is Heaven!

THE END.

MAY 14 1931